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marked sterility while their program of future action as outlined in their platform is vague and indefinite. He dwelt at length on the achievements of the Democratic party and its constructive legislation, its magnificent conduct of the war. He eulogized the President in glowing terms, and defended his foreign policy in all its details. From beginning to end the speech was reminiscent of Mr. Wilson's ideas and showed plainly, as did all the subsequent proceedings, that the convention was under the Administration's control.

We, who assemble in this great convention, counsel together, not merely as members of a party, but as children of the Republic. Love of country and devotion to human service should purge our hearts of all unworthy or misleading motives. Let us fervently pray for a Divine blessing upon all that we do or undertake. Let us pledge ourselves anew to equality of opportunity; the unity of our country above the interests of groups or classes, and the maintenance of the high honor of America in her dealings with other nations.

Passing from generalities he declared that the Republican party was still under the influence of Mark Hannaism, a party of moral sloth and moral irresponsibility.

The Republican platform, reactionary and provincial, is the very apotheosis of political expediency. Filled with premeditated slanders and vague promises, it will be searched in vain for one constructive suggestion for the reformation of the conditions which it criticises and deplores. The oppressed peoples of the earth will look to it in vain. It contains no message of hope for Ireland; no word of mercy for Armenia, and it conceals a sword for Mexico. It is the work of men concerned more with material things than with human rights. It contains no thought, no purpose which can give impulse or thrill to those who love liberty and hope to make the world a safer and happier place for the average man.

In contrast to this alleged reactionary policy he pointed out the numerous measures passed by the Democrats, especially the Federal Reserve act, and developed at length the "shining record of tremendous achievement" in wartime which has withstood all efforts to find a scandal. Commenting on the President's share in the conduct of the war and his influence at the peace table, Mr. Cummings excoriated the Republicans for their "political antagonism and personal envy" and their savage destruction of the President's work and the world's hope of peace.

In one sense, it is quite immaterial what people say about the President. Nothing we can say can add or detract from the fame that will flow down the unending channels of history. Generations yet unborn will look back to this era and pay their tribute of honor to the man who led a people through troublous ways out of the valleys of selfishness up to the mountain tops of

Chronicle

Home News.—The Democratic National Convention opened at San Francisco on June 28, with 1,092 delegates and more than 13,000 alternates and spectators present.

Democratic Convention Immediately after the opening of the first meeting, a demonstration lasting twenty minutes was given Mr. Wilson. When the delegates were finally brought to order, the opening invocation was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Patrick G. Ryan, Vicar-General of the archdiocese of San Francisco, who prayed for Divine guidance on the convention's deliberations. The Vice-Chairman, Mr. Kremer, after a short speech, yielded to Mr. Homer S. Cummings, the Temporary Chairman, who made the keynote speech.

Mr. Cummings charged the Republicans with being a party of reaction, with a platform dedicated to special interests, and dominated by materialistic purposes. With

The Keynote Speech them he contrasted the Democrats as pledged to idealism and justice. He claimed that the Republicans' record since their advent to power in 1918 had been one of

achievement and honor, and there showed them the promised land of freedom and safety and fraternity. Whether history records that they entered in or turned their backs upon the vision, it is all one with him—he is immortal.

The rest of the speech was taken up with a defense of the League of Nations and of the treaty, and a scathing criticism of Senator Lodge and the other Republican leaders, who he said were responsible for its defeat.

Let the true purpose of our party be clearly understood. We stand squarely for the same ideals of peace as those for which the war was fought. We support without flinching the only feasible plan for peace and justice. We will not submit to the repudiation of the peace treaty or to any process by which it is whittled down to the vanishing point. We decline to compromise our principles or pawn our immortal souls for selfish purposes. We do not turn our backs upon the history of the last three years. We seek no avenue of retreat. We insist that the forward course is the only righteous course.

Administrative Control The whole-hearted espousal of the President's policies, evidenced by the

keynote speech, was made still clearer by a message in the same general sense, adopted unanimously by the convention and forwarded to Mr. Wilson. Another indication of Administrative influence was the election of Senator Robinson as permanent chairman of the Convention and of Senator Glass as the chairman of the Resolutions Committee. The latter choice was especially significant, as Senator Glass came as the representative of the Administration and brought with him a platform approved by the President.

The main points of the platform as presented by the press are as follows:

The Platform

Advocates the immediate ratification of the peace treaty without reservations which would impair its essential integrity, but does not oppose the acceptance of any reservations making clearer or more specific the obligations of the United States to the league associates.

Commends President Wilson's conduct of the war.

Declares that the record of the Wilson Administration "presents a chapter of financial achievements unsurpassed in the history of the Republic," citing particularly the Federal Reserve act.

Advocates tax reform and a searching revision of the war revenue acts to fit peace conditions.

Demands prompt action by Congress for a complete survey of existing taxes and their modification and simplification.

Declares that the high cost of living can be remedied by increased production, strict governmental economy and the relentless pursuit of those who are demanding and receiving outrageous profits.

Pledges the Democratic party to a policy of strict governmental economy, and to the enactment and enforcement of legislation to bring profiteers before the bar of criminal justice.

Affirms the traditional policy of the Democratic party in favor of a tariff for revenue only.

Favors the creation of an effective budget system, its supervision and preparation vested in the Secretary of the Treasury. The budget should not be increased except by two-thirds vote of Congress.

Advocates legislation to bring the farmers the right of collective bargaining, and the right of cooperative handling and marketing of their products, and legislation to facilitate the exportation of farm products.

Declares that both labor and capital have the right of collective bargaining and of speaking through representatives of their own selection, but declares that neither class should at any time take action putting in jeopardy the public welfare.

Deplores strikes and lockouts as unsatisfactory devices for settling disputes and characterizes compulsory arbitration as a failure.

Pledges the party to contrive, if possible, a fair and comprehensive method of composing differences.

Declares that Federal assistance to the States is required for the increase of teachers' salaries, and urges a reclassification of the civil service to end the discrimination against women.

Advocates full representation by women on all commissions dealing with women's interests.

Pledges the party to enactments of "soldier settlements and home aid legislation" for disabled veterans.

Expresses the sympathy of the party for the aspirations of Ireland for self-government.

Affirms the party's respect for a free speech and a free press, but asserts that they afford no toleration of enemy propaganda or advocacy of the overthrow of the Government by violence.

Favors recognition of the new Government of Mexico when that Government shall have given proof of its ability permanently to maintain order.

The question of Prohibition was vigorously debated, but no plank was adopted.

On July 6, after prolonged and exhausting balloting, James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio, was nominated the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The selection was determined by the forty-fourth ballot, not in the sense that the

Democratic Nominee leading candidate gained the required

majority, but because it was clearly seen at this point that the choice would eventually fall on Governor Cox. On the motion of Mr. Armidale, manager of the McAdoo forces, the nomination was made unanimous.

There were eight principal names put before the convention: McAdoo, Cox, Palmer, Davis, Marshall, Cummings, Owen and Glass. The last five named were never seriously within prospect of gaining the nomination, although all of them received votes on all the ballots, except Vice-President Marshall, who dropped out on the fifteenth ballot, Senator Glass, whose name was dropped on the thirty-eighth, and Attorney-General Palmer, who withdrew on the forty-third. On the forty-third ballot Governor Cox received 567 votes, and Mr. McAdoo 412. On the forty-fourth ballot the former received 702, only twenty-seven short of the necessary number.

France.—On June 11 Senator Lamarzelle called a debate in the French Senate on the vital question of immorality in public life. In his speech he pointed out the evils attending the license allowed cinema proprietors and others to instil vice into the minds of people and especially into the minds of the youth.

Censors, he maintained, showed no hesitation in permitting the exhibition of films when even the actors themselves objected to the parts they had to play. Known to be a courageous advocate of liberty M. Lamarzelle concluded:

A Law Against Immorality

It is time for the Government to put a stop to such a wrong use of liberty and not allow any more the noble ideas of duty, sacrifice and self-restraint to be mocked and gibed on the stage. We ask the Government to facilitate the efforts of those who, by preaching the doctrines of Christ, can save the nation from the dangers of the corruption that has proved the ruin of such powerful States as the Roman Empire.

Referring to these and similar abuses M. de Lamarzelle complained that there was no law to repress such criminal attempts. As the *Universe* points out the fact that his speech was listened to with the greatest attention shows that a change has come over the French Parliament. A bill empowering the police to prosecute all offences against public morality was passed and was warmly welcomed on all sides.

Anticlericalism which has had its own way for so long in France has not fully subsided despite the general tendency towards religious pacification. On the day of

The Struggle for Liberty Confirmation at Aigues-Mortes the pastor formed an escort to conduct the Bishop from the presbytery to the

church, as is the custom in all countries where there is religious liberty. At this the commissioner of police brought an indictment against the pastor, although every sort of parade has been allowed at Aigues-Mortes in the past and even protected. On another occasion the Bishop of Montauban decided to assert the rights of Catholics to as much liberty as is granted to others. On the feast of Corpus Christi a crowd of devout people, at his request, escorted the Blessed Sacrament from the Cathedral of Montauban to the Bishop's gardens. The police intervened and the Bishop among others was maltreated, but the loyal and decided action of those who had joined in the procession forced the police to withdraw. In several parts of France the right to hold processions has already been admitted. But as *La Croix* comments:

It is to be hoped that the movement will become more general. It is the duty of the Catholic people to remember that they must be active. A return to liberty will not be brought about unless someone strives for it effectively. Merely to bemoan one's lot is not sufficient.

If the French Catholics would take the words of *La Croix* to heart France would soon be herself again.

Ireland.—That conditions in Ireland are desperate is clear even to those who run. Sinn Fein is still standing firm against British rule, and eighty-six per cent of the

General Conditions Irish people are in favor of the policy. In other words, the nation is practically in a state of war against a foreign power. The railway men refuse to cooperate in the transfer of troops, police or ammunition, and traffic is desperately crippled. On Thursday, July 1, the typographers' union of Dublin called out its workers, leaving the city without papers the following morning. Robert Lynd, the well-known writer for the London *Daily News*, declares that the

Exciting thing in Dublin is not what is happening on the surface but what is happening underneath. There is peacefulness but not peace. A scarcely seen but none the less desperate struggle is going on between the will of the Government and the will of the people.

That the point of attack is not the army of occupation but the Irish constabulary is evidenced from the consistent policy of the Sinn Fein forces during the past few months. It has been impossible for Dublin Castle to maintain the police throughout the greater part of Ireland. They are concentrated for the most part in the large centers. Despite this Sinn Fein rule is functioning normally: there appears to be an ordered republic within a disorganized and maltreated British colony, as Englishmen call Ireland. On Tuesday, June 29, the Irish Parliament met and passed decrees authorizing the establishment of more courts of justice and of criminal procedure. A national land commission was appointed and means were taken to protect from vexatious claims persons occupying land. It was announced that the \$10,000,000 international loan had been oversubscribed \$250,000. The Parliament sent this message to de Valera:

The Dail Eireann, assembled in full session at Dublin today, unanimously reaffirms the allegiance of the citizens of Ireland to your policy, expresses complete satisfaction with the work you have performed and relies with confidence upon the great American nation to accord recognition to the Republic of Ireland, now in fact and law established.

One good sign for Ireland in all this trouble is that British politicians are no longer callous to the country's demands and sacrifices. On June 28, during a debate on home rule, Lloyd George showed his uneasiness by making a conciliatory speech in which he declared Ireland would improve when the country realized that America would not support the demand for an Irish republic. Of course Carson has broken out again: he is trumpeting the declaration that he will take the field with the Ulster Volunteers rather than submit to separation from the Empire. Cardinal Logue still continues to advise moderation. In the course of a recent speech he announced he had been threatened with death and declared if he were murdered, it would be because he was Primate of Ireland, not because he had mingled in politics.

Japan.—Under date of July 3 the *Official Gazette*, issued in Tokio, announced that Japan would occupy strategic points in Saghalien, an inland province of

Japan and Siberia Siberia, until such time as a legitimate government was set up and satisfaction had been made for the massacre of seven hundred Japs at Nikolaevsk. Premier Hara declared that the Vladivostok region would still remain under Japanese dominance. In his speech to the Diet he announced that bills concerning the following pressing problems would be introduced in special session: national defense, increase of salaries, revision of the pension system, improvement of the judicial system, and

the development of national power. In regard to foreign relations he made public these items: the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is under consideration; the Chinese loans has been settled; the Shantung problem is unsettled. Proceeding the Premier said:

Between March 12 and the latter part of May nearly 700 Japanese, men, women and children at Nikolaevsk, including officers and men of the garrison and the consul and his family, were massacred by Bolsheviks in the most revolting, cruel manner.

Faced by such event, the Japanese Government felt it incumbent upon them to take steps to uphold the honor and prestige of this country, but in absence, at this moment, of any responsible government to whom representations might be made, the Japanese Government have been at a loss as to the proper line of action they should follow to achieve their end. In these circumstances the Japanese Government have come to the decision, pending the establishment of a legitimate government and satisfactory settlement of the present affair, to occupy such points in the Province of Saghalien as they may deem necessary. Hara concluded his speech by stating that Japanese troops would be withdrawn from the Zabaikal region.

Mexico.—Number XX of the Fall findings is of interest to Americans for two reasons. Firstly, it reveals new political intrigues in which Mr. Bryan is said to have

Fall Findings
XX
been implicated and, secondly, it shows that Carranza was in league with Von Eckhart to gain control of

Central America for the sake of arraying it against the United States. The alleged Bryan incident is as follows: in 1916 the former Secretary of State distinctly promised to make one Chamorra President of Nicaragua, on condition that the latter agreed to a treaty desired by the United States. Chamorra was the Nicaraguan Minister to Washington, and shortly afterwards became President of his country (p. 2899). The details of the second plan are laid bare in great detail. Mexico and Salvador were to unite against Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras, and throw these countries into the hands of revolutionists in favor of Germany (p. 2899). This testimony is substantiated in such detail that there is no doubt of the plan nor of Carranza's wholehearted desire to accomplish it. All the supposed friends of the United States, Cabrera and others, were involved in the plot (pp. 2903, 2904, 2905, 2907, 2908, 2992, 2993, *et passim*). There follows an analysis of the character of Carranza by his one-time friend, Alvarado of Yucatan. This estimate can be adjudged from the fact that Alvarado pronounced Carranza a liar whose policies were rotten and whose representative at Washington, Arredondo, was also a liar who deceived Lansing into a recognition of the *de facto* Government of Mexico (p. 2915). The rest of the story is as usual, graft, murder, rapine, conspiracy, with Bonillas playing the chief part in an attempt to discredit the Fall Committee before it had a chance to take action unfavorable to Carranza. A part of this plan was to murder Senator Fall, chairman of the committee. Number XX contains copies of most important documents

which show how degraded were the Mexican revolutionists whom the present American Administration supported throughout their infamous career.

Russia.—Leonid Krassin, Russian Bolshevik Minister of Trade and Commerce, who was in London for a month, met the permanent committee of the Supreme Economic Council, for the first time *Krassin's Negotiations Futile* on June 17, Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium being represented, and certain preliminary questions regarding the opening of trade negotiations, being discussed.

The French Government has viewed with dissatisfaction any attempt on the part of Great Britain to deal through Krassin with the Russian Soviets. Acting in the name of French holders of Russian bonds, it has served upon the British Government a formal request for the sequestration of all gold which may be or has been shipped by the Soviets to London, and a request for formal assurance by the British Government that this gold will not be paid over in any commercial transaction between British subjects and Russia. This step follows similar representations made to Sweden after shipments of Russian gold to Stockholm.

The French have been consistently opposed to any Allied recognition of the Soviets. They wish to leave them to their own fate. To all arguments that it is humanitarian to open commerce with the needy Russians, they reply that to do so would on the contrary not be humanitarian, in as much as by aiding the Soviets, the Bolshevik tyranny would be still more tightly fastened upon that unhappy people. They add moreover that the utter failure of the Soviets to accomplish anything after such an opportunity would serve to show the Russian people that the rule of Trotzky and Lenin can never lead them to better days.

In an interview that appeared in *La Liberté* Krassin said that the Soviets will not discuss with France the payment of the Russian debt until peace is made. "In backing Poland," he said, "you [France] are succeeding in ruining us completely." At a Cabinet Council held in Brussels quite recently it was decided that Belgium should favor in principle the lifting of the blockade on Soviet Russia and that an attempt should be made to resume economic relations.

On July 1 Krassin left London for Moscow ostensibly to consult with the Soviet Government, but his departure is understood to indicate the failure of his negotiations with Downing Street. It is reported that on the question of Allied recognition of the Soviet Government and on the restitution of their confiscated property to foreigners the negotiators could come to no agreement. The first proposal the Allies would not consider and the second was rejected by Premier Lenin unless formal peace terms were offered the Bolsheviks at a regular peace conference.

Missions and the Parochial Schools

FLOYD KEELER

WITHIN the past few years there has been a notable increase of interest in missionary enterprises on the part of Catholics, and its results are already beginning to be manifested in various ways. The self-analysis which has been practised by the members of the Church in these recent times has led to some startling discoveries. Not the least of these has been the knowledge that the Catholic Church, which is by its very charter a great missionary agency, had to a large extent allowed its missionary machinery to fall into desuetude, and, in the United States at least, had relegated the subject of missions to a secondary place. All too frequently conditions have been as described to me by a priest recently when he said:

All that the average Catholic in this country knows about missions is that once in a while some man with whiskers appears in our pulpits and tells us a little of some strange land, takes up a collection and goes his way. Our missionary interest then ceases until another comes along and we feel no sort of missionary responsibility. For the most part our congregations have never so much as heard whether there be any missions.

Another one of the things we have learned has been the value of really efficient organization and united action, and we have come to realize that with the firmly unified faith which the Church has always possessed, all that is needed is the proper organization in order to enable us to make great strides in bringing the knowledge of that faith to a waiting world. But the fact that the older generation has not been accustomed to such organization makes the task of effecting one rather difficult and delicate. It will take considerable time before the whole Church can become permeated with the idea of its necessity. In fact, it must do the apparently impossible thing of proving its advantage before it can come into being. But while it is well-nigh impossible to bring about this completeness of organization under the present circumstances, we can make a start. Beginning at the bottom, the movement will grow with the new generation until it becomes a natural part of the Church's life, and such a thing as a non-missionary Catholic will be the anomaly it ought to be.

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has the honor of being the pioneer in this field of mission organization and it is rapidly gathering into its ranks the high schools, academies, colleges and seminaries of the Church. Herein lies the largest hope for recruiting the membership of great missionary societies, such as the proposed "Priests Missionary Union."

But the Crusade dealing as it does only with students in the institutions of higher learning, leaves untouched the greatest source of missionary enthusiasm which we possess, and the best opportunity to train missionary-minded Catholics.

It is admitted by most thoughtful Protestant writers that one of the secrets of the faithfulness of Catholic people in general to the demands of their religion is the fact that the Church has her children under her constant tutelage during the formative period of their grade-school life. Protestant children, during this time, are, for the most part, completely divorced from the influence of their religion, except for a brief period on Sundays which itself is not infrequently given over to other things than the imparting of religious teachings in the strict sense of the term. In our parochial school system with over 1,500,000 pupils, and in the younger pupils of our private academies, and even in the little ones in our orphanages, we have a latent missionary force whose value cannot be estimated. Some may be surprised at the inclusion of the orphans, for too frequently we fall into the error of translating missions into terms of dollars and cents, but missions cannot succeed unless we realize that their greatest asset is the force of united prayer and that the zeal and enthusiasm which this engenders is of greater value than any financial contribution can be.

The Mission Crusade has carried on its propaganda largely through appeals on the part of its officers and members, either personally or by correspondence, and these appeals have depended for their effectiveness upon the degree of acquaintance between the two parties. Wherever the personal equation could be brought to play a large part, the acquisition of a school has been comparatively easy. Long-distance appeals and those made to total strangers have far less often produced results. In carrying a missionary campaign into the lower schools the personal element must be made all the stronger, for the younger children think in very concrete terms and their interest can be aroused only through a tangible object for their devotion and zeal. Therefore to make an effective presentation of the mission cause in the parochial schools we must needs have advocates who can visit them and bring the matter to the attention of the pupils. The Sisters and Brothers who teach in these schools are almost without exception willing to have missions presented to their pupils and will back up any efforts that are made to interest them in the cause.

The subject is one to which our clergy may well give their attention, for it will be only through diocesan organization that such a plan as I have in mind can effectively be carried out, and it is well known that a parish or a diocese which takes a large interest in missionary affairs is one in which domestic concerns are better cared for. We should have a diocesan visitor who could present the matter of missions to the children in an effective way. It matters not what sort of missionary work be determined on—the Holy Childhood, the

placing of pagan babies in the orphanages of the various missionary Orders, assisting in the support of catechists, of mission schools—all make a strong appeal to the heart of childhood, as does the more important work of offering prayers and good works for missions, which they are always most ready and anxious to do.

All these things ought to be done in some systematic way, and every room in every school should be approached and its interest gained through some definite effort. But this mere gaining of interest will be of comparatively small account unless it be followed up systematically, for there is a complete turn-over in a school in a very few years and constant effort is required to keep interest at its highest pitch. Here is where effective organization comes in.

In this respect, as in many others, we can take counsel from those outside the Fold. What has been done in the Protestant Episcopal Church may serve as something of a guide in our procedure, for their children's missionary organization is very complete. Other denominations may have equally effective ones, but since the Protestant Episcopal Church is known to me, and since it follows the Christian year as we do, I am using it as an example. About forty years ago a Sunday school near Philadelphia conceived the idea of laying special emphasis upon missions during the season of Lent. The children were exhorted to pray for their success and to save their pennies for missionary work. The result was not large, measured in the coin of this world, but the spirit then born has grown mightily. It was not many years before a nation-wide plan was inaugurated and practically every Protestant Episcopal Sunday school in the land was taking up this Lenten offering. The season, with its emphasis upon fasting, prayer and alms-giving, proved a potent influence, and today few Episcopalians fail to think of Lent as a time of self-sacrifice with the spreading of their religion as one of its ultimate objects. Lenten addresses and sermons very frequently nowadays are missionary in character, and the Sunday schools vie with one another in raising funds and in devising new methods of making the cause known. But it must not be supposed that this is an automatic accomplishment. It is expected, it is true, but a yearly preparation is made. The Board of Missions gives no small amount of care to material for its better observance. Usually a Sunday school missionary service is held on the first or second Sunday after the Epiphany. The "Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles" serves to give point to what they are about to do,

so that when Septuagesima comes and the purple shadow of Lent begins to be seen, all are ready and anxious to receive the mite-boxes which are distributed at this time, and from then until Easter to save, to work and to pray for missions. The result? At the present time the Sunday schools of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with a membership of barely 400,000 children, raise, in the six weeks of Lent alone, \$200,000 yearly. Nor does this missionary enthusiasm all die down immediately Easter is come. It lasts to a large degree throughout the year and enlivens the whole Church. It also creates a spirit that is far more valuable than the financial contribution and which means much for the cause of Church extension. If our Catholic school-children did proportionately as well, they would raise almost as much for missions as the whole American Catholic population raised a few years ago.

I am not unaware of the obstacles in the way of carrying out such a program on account of the double burden which Catholics carry in the support of their schools, and in the numerous appeals that are necessarily made especially in the newer and poorer parishes, but it does not seem necessary to add anything to our burdens in order to carry on an effective missionary propaganda among our younger children. Practically every school has at least an occasional collection for some extra-parochial purpose. The children respond with enthusiasm to any altruistic object, and all they need is to have the need kept before them. Trust them to find a way of meeting the requirements. The ingenuity of childhood is a factor which has all too often been disregarded, but which is very important, nevertheless. Given the impulse they will find a way to respond.

If lacking a nation-wide organization the individual dioceses or Orders which have charge of parishes would undertake such an organization as I have outlined, keeping it broad enough in its scope so that it might be affiliated with a national movement later on, much of the ground would be cleared. It would serve as a model by which we might build the larger society. What was found to work in one place would in all probability work in them all.

It is the "zero hour." If we do not attack now the cause will not be lost, for our Leader has promised that His Church shall not ultimately fail, but its final triumph will be delayed, to the loss of souls for whom Christ died and to the making of a fearful addition to our own responsibility.

Newspapers, Mirrors of Life

LEO HILLMAN

THE newspaper is the mirror of the times, and any analysis of its ethical condition must take into consideration the ethical condition of the times it reflects.

When we read that it seems logical, because of the newspaper's commercial phase, to give the people what they desire, we assent. It is logical as far as it goes, but the

logic of it has not reached the depths. What do the people seek in the newspapers? They do not seek alone sensation for itself. What they seek is the story of what has been done by others. The newspapers give what is sought, not merely because it is sought, but because they, too, being managed and edited by human beings, seek the same story.

Before the sage can make newspapers clean, he must make the people clean. Before the sage can make ethics the acknowledged prime factor in any industry, he must again make it the prime factor in life, which is not all industry at its best by any means. Without irreverence we may say the newspaper is the open confessional of the people. Until we have confessed our weakness, little chance exists of our reformation. The open revelation of the day's materialism, set forth not only in the sheets of baser variety but in journals of relatively good repute, is a splendid step in the right direction. Knowing our evils, our faults, our failings as a people, we have the better hope of curing them.

It may be but seeming, yet the critic of the daily newspaper almost invariably places the great burden of the blame for the day's evils on the newspaper and its publisher. But that is putting the cart before the horse. The newspaper relates on every page the stories of scandal, crime and indelicate sensation, because they exist. The newspaper has not first made its news more sensational and thus produced an age of rank materialism. On the contrary the people have first become rankly materialistic and the influence of their materialism has apparently perverted the newspaper.

Trite is the statement that the power of the press has waned. It is not, however, that that power has waned, but that the people, their minds developed by constant reading, have seen the truth of the relation of a newspaper to the public. They have come to a realization that the newspaper in both its editorial and news columns, is but a record snatched from reality in the rush of the age. The most recent example of what this means is found in the political battle of a few years ago in New York City. One publisher actually saw to it that his sheet reflected the thought of the people; all the others in the city, laboring under the delusion that newspapers were causes, rather than effects, strove in vain to influence, instead of reflecting. It matters not that the sole publisher to guess aright the popular leaning of the day has published for years a most sensational class of newspapers. Did the people think only as one newspaper directed, or had they convictions in the matter first, to find them later reflected by approval or condemnation in a favorite newspaper? Were the scandal, the crimes, the indelicate sensations arbitrarily eliminated from the newspapers, their readers would merely scoff at them and say, "The world is not so virtuous as this."

The world is not virtuous. It were folly, therefore, to expect a virtuous reflection of it in the mirror of the

press. Hiding evil does not cure it. The cure is enhanced by the knowledge of what is to be cured. Only the Lord knows what generation in its entirety is to be without grievous sin. The creature can only go about in his generation striving to keep himself and his brother straight, not in the expectation that his humble effort will reform a world that would not reform itself for the Saviour, but in the hope that by "everlastingly keeping at it" he may be the instrument designed to strengthen the will of the reformable but as yet unreformed.

When Maximilian Harden, the undaunted German journalist, years ago published the astounding facts in the infamous scandal surrounding numerous individuals high in imperial court circles, he was punished for it. He was, our critic might say, a "quack" in journalism, but our critic would be in error. The very publicity Maximilian Harden gave to the true facts of moral depravity in court circles was the light, the good, open sunlight needed to purify the festering spot. Harden did not create the scandal; he found it in existence and did with it the very thing needed at that moment for its cure.

When the newspapers of this country in detail told the story of crime and intrigue that preceded and accompanied the murder of Rosenthal, they did the community an immeasurable benefit. Whoever knew from personal observation of those conditions found just cause for resentment that they could exist. The newspapers certainly did not create the conditions that found a climax in the murder of Rosenthal. They simply reflected the facts as they were, and the reflection of those facts certainly brought home to the people and to their representatives the need of a thorough cleaning. Publicity was the key to the ultimate cure. The light of truth hurts no community.

This is the profession of the newspaperman: to tell the facts as he finds them. Publishers are scarce who deliberately order misstatement; editors and writers are few who do not take honest pride in the accuracy of their work. Unless the adverse critic can prove that publishers who dictate the distortion of the truth are in the majority, he cannot prove the daily newspaper in the wrong. The profession of the newspaperman, and it is rightly called a profession, is inclusive of more than the publishers, and practical common sense will tell us that save in the case of the small country newspaper, the publisher could not accomplish the utter distortion of the truth. As a matter of fact, in the vast number of instances the publisher sees the stories his newspaper publishes only after they have been written, and a casual inquiry among any men who write and edit news will reveal how seldom the publisher personally interferes in its presentation.

Even the most persistent believer in personal journalism, the late James Gordon Bennett, gave more condemnation and praise for stories appearing in his papers after publication than before, and in the latter case it was almost invariably for the purpose of promoting some cause that would redound to the civic good of the community. The newspaper, in other words, is the product

of many minds and many hands. Because the printer confesses to it himself, we must admit the mechanic arts in producing a newspaper are trades, not professions. Where is the line of demarcation? It begins where the mechanic arts are given the material upon which to work. The profession of journalism is inclusive, therefore, of reporter, editor and publisher.

A journey into the places where the news of the day is first gathered would be a revelation to the critic who wonders whether journalism is a profession or a quackery. Hard-headed thinkers gather the news of the day, and they gather it chiefly where life is "in the raw." They gather it where men and women, whose numbers make them the majority, work out their lives according to their lights, in a hard, almost primitive, struggle.

What manner of man is the reporter who searches into our daily life? His ideal is the truth. He is scrupulous about his facts. He is often inclined to be cynical, for he sees the rough side of life; he perceives the lack of balance between the uplift in theory and the uplift in practice; he senses the strength and the weakness of men, and because weakness is by far the more common among men, his news, his reflection of the times, is one of weaknesses. Is this quackery, this hewing to the line of truth? Or is it a profession? The occasional misstatement of fact is so occasional that the guilty reporter stands out as an exception among his fellows who is not ostracized, but mentally characterized as a "faker," a "pipe-artist" and prudence so aids in the profession that the "faker" whose misstatements are so offensive as to cause legal suit is not held reliable, and therefore useful, either by his city editor or by his publisher.

As a matter of fact, the reporter who retells the story of crime or scandal or indelicate sensation, retells only about a tenth of the stories of that type that come or are brought to his attention every day. What crimes are committed that go unnoticed! In the daily grind of the divorce court, how many sordid scandals pass unpub-

lished! In the turmoil of a materialistic generation how often ignored are circumstances which in their unpublished form furnish precisely the details called "indelicate sensation" when publicity's light glares upon them. The reporter does not tell all he hears and all he sees. There are other factors than the scandal itself, the crime itself, the indelicacy itself of the sensation that go to make "news." But what stories he does tell are typical of the stories he finds no reason to tell.

As in the work, for instance, of police news, in the stations and courts of arraignment and trial, so in other phases of news gathering, in the domestic courts, the civil courts, the stage, the governmental offices, the higher intellectual pursuits of mankind, the reporter, whether he be but the hunter of facts, the scribe of opinions or that super-reporter, the expert critic of the arts, clings to the ideal of truth. And that same ideal is ever before the men who fashion the final dress in which the story is to pass into the hands of the printing trades. The city editor who directs the activities of the reporter and the men who sit at the city desk the day through, look not only for errors in expression, not only for errors in fact, but for clear signs of verification and reliability. They are looking for the truth. It is not their place to hide that truth when they find it. The critic of journalism will not find a body of men with a clearer concept of their professional duties nor with a more faithful allegiance to their professional ideals.

It is true, the staff of every newspaper is influenced, and naturally so, by the publisher. But his influence is greater in the relation of opinion than of fact. And his ethical condition is as strong and as weak as that of any other profession. The destructive critic, if he take the attitude that journalism is a quackery and not a profession, must take the same attitude toward the legal or the medical calling. The doctors and lawyers and engineers and newspaper men are as good as the times, and the times are reflected truthfully in the newspapers.

Bolshevism in the Fine Arts

M. E. LE TOURNEUX

"Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song."

WE look back to the time when, in the world of art, traditions were venerated and man had time to appreciate the finer things of life. In those days people did not rack their brains for a dried up definition of fine art, but, with intuitive perception, they recognized its beauty, and fostered it by warm appreciation and by wise criticism. The streets of Florence were not clangling with the busy commerce of the street car, when Dante walked about them; the Thames was not swarming with industrious steamboats when Shakespeare wandered along its banks; the smoke of a nearby factory did not cloud the woodlands through which Beethoven walked

for inspiration, nor was his reverie disturbed by the screaming whistle of a passing train; the first early flush of dawn was not made to blush behind the glare of a foundry when even the nineteenth century Barbizon scholars regenerated landscape painting, the deadening smoke of commercialism had not fallen like a pall on humanity, shutting out the gorgeous blue of the heavens and touching everything with its soiling finger, when art made her greatest gifts to mankind.

True, there were hosts of poets, musicians, and painters in the nineteenth century, although commercialism was then fast acquiring its present gigantic strength. Indeed, the record of artistic achievement devotes no little space to a number of justly honored names

of that time. This, however was not because of commercialism, but in spite of it. These great men were forced to flee from the giant power that was slowly trying to crush out artistic life. They went back to the heart of nature for their inspiration, and in their enthusiastic devotion many of them tried to imitate nature in their art.

Nearly all painting is founded on imitation of nature, based on the selection of what pleases the artist's eye by the beauty that he finds there. Comparatively little music directly imitates nature, although as examples of that type we have Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" and the free nature pictures in music of Macdowell. Poetry, like music, more often reflects the emotions of man than the moods of nature, yet some of the finest poems in the English language were directly inspired by the purling of a brook, or by the flashing of a myriad pointed star. Such a poem is Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" which, in spirit as well as in theme, is like the wind of which he speaks.

But whether these artists imitated nature, or whether they merely recognized that the truest inspiration is found in the heart of noble simplicity, the age which produced these great men is a thing of the past. Today we have an entirely new order. Perhaps, commercialism is not to blame; some may say that the modern artist is untouched by the business-like atmosphere of the present, but to the observer it would appear that modern art in all its branches reflects modern life just as truly as did the fine arts of all the other centuries reflect the life of their own age. The modern artist breathes smoke, sees smoke, feels the constant grime of smoke, hears the noisy rattle of the street, and seems to think in measures of smoke and rattling noise. He has so assimilated the spirit of the age into his own life that his artistic efforts struggle for existence through a film of smoke and a clashing outburst of noise.

There is really no such thing as the fine art of architecture in the present day. Other ages and other countries have shown their national spirit in their architecture. We see the slavish, servile patience of Egypt in the ugly, time-defying pyramids; the classic simplicity and the highly cultured esthetic sense of the Greeks in the Acropolis; we see the arrogance of the Roman world masters in the Colosseum, the imitative ability of the Moors in the minute details of the Alhambra, and the spirituality of the thirteenth century in the Gothic cathedrals of that period. We are showing the spirit of our age by building temples to commercialism wherein is enthroned the god of commerce on the high altar of finance, and written on the lintel of the door is the parody—just as all modern life is a parody on what life should be—"All ideals abandon, ye who enter here."

Futurist painting is inartistic. The object of art is to emphasize the beautiful in life, and the artist is one whose eye is sensitive to that exquisite subtlety of shading which nature has thrown, like a veil of loveliness, over the scarred face of the world. This gift of seeing more

deeply into the beautiful was given the artist to use for the good of mankind. It is his work to make immortal the beauty that he sees and recognizes, and a skilful touch of the brush is necessary for him to carry out his mission. He may seek to visualize some thought or idea, or he may simply reproduce the beauties of nature, but in order to be artistic, his pictures must have unity and harmony. It is in just these points that the futurist fails. Often he does not even attempt unity, for many futurist paintings seek to represent a moving object and result in a confused blur. As for harmony in the combination of color, and in the disposition of his subjects, the modern artist knows it not. Lest he be accused of so old-fashioned a trait, he purposely gives his subject a most unnatural and ungainly attitude. No one likes artificial arrangement or grouping in a picture but it is infinitely better than the artificial distortion of the futurist.

Some of the alleged masterpieces of these wanderers from the path of good taste which were given an exhibition at the Chicago Art Institute were mere daubs and splashes of irritatingly combined colors. Why, the very frames must have been ashamed of such company, and the velvet carpets blushed scarlet at the outrage! A group of students on a tour of the Art Institute were asked what they thought would be a fitting title for one of these futurist pictures. One girl, looking at the unsightly mess, answered: "Hell!" It would indeed be severe torture for a refined mind to be obliged to look at such hideous parodies on nature, and if Dante were to write his "Inferno" in our day, I am sure he would add a canto in which he would describe the agonies of real artists as they were compelled to gaze forever on futurist art. How different are they from Raphael, whose hand must have touched the baby garment of the Divine Child, to have given his brush such spirituality and charm; how different from Murillo, whose gaze must have been in heaven when he painted his Immaculate Conception.

Yet the men who perpetrate these futurist canvases say that they are in advance of the times, that they are pioneering the way for other generations, that their work is a great stride in the progress of art. They may be in advance of the times by making people suffer a premature Purgatory on earth because of their excruciating madness in color and form; they may be pioneers to a general insanity among artists, but heaven grant we may not live to see the full bloom of such a budding movement; their work is such a great stride in the downward progress of art that they seem to be tobogganing toward intellectual vacuum, but perhaps, that is the longed-for Nirvanah of their artistic Buddhism. In the calm light of sanity, futurist painting is a great detriment to the progress of art, for it is distracting men's attention from the greatness of true art to such an extent that they are in danger of losing all sense of artistic values. The object of art will always remain the true and the beautiful, and without these art has no reason for existence. Since futurist art

is neither true nor beautiful, may it soon find permanent repose with the ghosts of so many other fads and fancies in the graveyard of modern manias!

The germ that inoculated painting must have a close relative in the bacillus of modern music, for the madness of the one greatly resembles the insanity of the other. Music consists essentially of rhythm, harmony and melody. The office of rhythm is to give coherence to music as the sentence does to speech, and just as our ideas, without the limiting guidance of the sentence, would fly about in a confused Babel of words, so does modern music lacking the restraint of rhythm, careen madly along in an unintelligible chaos. Harmony is the necessary framework on which any musical structure must be built. It need not be a framework of unbending steel, for in many instances new and delightful effects are produced by momentarily suspending the laws of harmony, but these odd phrases are the exception and can only be allowed when the effect is sufficient reason for the change. A cathedral can be built with one column the less, and yet not be in danger of falling, but let several pillars give way and the whole structure crumbles to ruins; so can a musical composition be constructed with a slight disregard for harmony but let this be done too frequently, and it degenerates from music into noise.

Melody is the soul of music. It is the low, soft melody of the lullaby that awakens the first dawn of consciousness, and that is ever after associated with the thought of mother; it is the full rich melody that intensifies the deepest emotions of life by giving them fitting expression; it is the powerfully calm melody, with its depths of meaning, that soothes the tortured heart and brings it out of the shadow of grief into the sunshine of life and hope; it is the thrillingly sweet melody that, like a ministering angel, brings peace to the suffering; and it is the wondrous melody of the seraph that first greets the soul as it enters the portals of eternity. Music is almost divinely gifted to raise man's mind to higher things, from earliest childhood even to the last moments of his life.

Modern music, like all modern things, is materialistic, and, to be consistent, it leaves the soul out of music, just as materialism leaves the soul out of all things. In fact, so-called modern music is not music at all, for it lacks melody, harmony and rhythm, and keeps only noise. There is nothing artistic about it. It makes no pretence of beauty. It usually starts with a crash, probably to attract attention, then it proceeds to do harmonically impossible things at a rhythmically impossible pace, causing the spirit of melody to suffer untold agonies by its distorted gyrations. It seems to be very emotional, subjectively, if we are to judge by the tempestuous fortissimos and the languidly insipid pianissimos, but as for rousing any play of noble emotion in the audience, modern music utterly fails, for its effect is, first, annoyance, then, impatience, and finally angry irritation at the exploitation of such nonsense. This, too, proves that modern music is not real music, for music is especially adapted to inspire

man with noble thoughts and high aims through its sway over the emotions. The importance of music consists in the subtlety of its influence in playing on the passions. Modern music fails. It is unintelligible and it gives every evidence of being unintelligent, and since, as such, it cannot inspire man to higher things, it is unworthy to find encouragement or even toleration among rational people.

The most widespread of these modern epidemics is free verse, which has aroused a storm of discussion. The controversy rages chiefly about the technicality of verse-making, the one side urging greater adherence to precedent, the other side demanding the utmost freedom in the matter of form. If the idea can best be expressed in measures of stately uniformity, then that form should be chosen; if it demands a constantly changing rhythm to keep pace with the ever varying moods of the poem, then different forms should be combined to aid in the more perfect expression of the thought; but if the idea cannot be adequately expressed by means of any known form, then some new combination of metre or rhythm, more fitting to the thought, should be invented. Far from being a disgrace to invent new poetical forms, it has always been considered a mark of genius, and those who have given new forms to the art of poetry have deservedly been given the highest honor. The vers librists, however, have taken this concession that the technical in poetry, as in all the arts, should be subservient to the idea, and out of this inch they have shot off at a tangent into unfathomable inanity.

Poetry is more effective than prose because of its inherent music, and it has the twofold power of moving man's emotions as well as his intellect. Poetry is not purely emotional, as is music. It must essentially have its intellectual side, and the rhythm, metre, diction, whatever contributes to the emotional effect, should only be a help to the fuller appreciation of the thought; they are the means toward attaining the end rather than the end itself. When the intellectual and the emotional are nicely balanced, the work is artistic and deserves to be called a poem.

Free verse does not sin against good taste in the matter of the technical agreement of idea and form, for, since it usually has no thought, it is best expressed by a nondescript assemblage of uneven lines. Free verse looks as if some bargain hunter of verse had picked up all the remnants of verse to be found, and tossed them together in a poetical patchquilt. Nor does free verse have any excuse for its irregularity of construction by rousing one emotionally, for there seems to be no reason in the world why the lines should end just where they do, and not elsewhere. It seems a pitiful waste of perfectly good paper during this reign of the high cost of living, that what might be said with some sense in a sentence, or at most, a paragraph, is dragged out into nonsense through a number of jagged lines. About as much sense, poetically, as most free verse is found in B. L. T.'s *Goose libre*, over which little, frivolous children so often

laugh and cry by turns, much to the annoyance of their solemn elders.

Dickery
Dickery dock,
The mouse
Ran up the timepiece.

Free verse is the utmost bolshevism in literature. It is poetic license which knows absolutely no restraint. It may stoop to the most disgusting detail in the name of realism, and it may daze with a blur of jargon for a touch of romance. It is the delirium of impressionism and laziness; yea, truly, sloth is its twin. There is, sometimes, the germ of beauty in some free verse, but it is as though the writer indolently flings it away from him, saying: "Here, take the blooming oyster. There's a pearl in it somewhere, but it's too much trouble to polish it and give it a setting."

If art, which should seek to capture "Fancies that break through language and escape," has gone on a rampage, it is because the modern mind did so first. In an age when the girls smoke cigarettes, and the boys wear wrist watches, when the modern youth thinks more of the gardenia in his buttonhole than of the "white flower of a blameless life," a mere trifle like good taste in the fine arts matters little. If we can bring back order in every line of human endeavor, we shall have less rampant individualism, tagged "art," and our age might be productive of another Raphael, another Dante, and another Beethoven, instead of a Block or an Amy Lowell.

Catholicism by Post

E. A. McFADDEN, S.J.

SIDE by side with the Catholic Social Gild and the Catholic Evidence Gild, whose activities in spreading the knowledge of the true Faith throughout England were commented upon so favorably in a recent issue of AMERICA, should be noted also the younger, though not less fruitful work of the Bexhill Library. For, though a separate institution, it is supplementing the endeavors of both, besides extending its range of usefulness much farther afield.

"Come and See" is the librarian's standing invitation to the public, and one afternoon I went and saw. I came away with but one regret, that we have not at least one Bexhill in the United States. For this relatively small library combines two features that give it a position, quite unique, I believe, among the Catholic libraries of the world: it is free: it distributes books by mail.

Its motto, "No Fees, No Fines, No Formalities," strangely like the familiar "Everybody Welcome, Everything Free," has found as warm a response from seekers of the truth, both inside and outside the Church, as did that other from our men in service. At the time of my visit, 1,348 was the number of names on the mailing list, with over 10,000 books in actual circulation. A small number, perhaps, if compared with those taken from our large public libraries, still quite a total when one considers that practically all these are Catholic works,

treating all sorts of subjects from the Catholic standpoint. Nor does 1,384 represent adequately the number of those benefiting by the library; for study clubs, reading circles, sodality and parish libraries are listed as single borrowers, though they may have forty, fifty, or even, as in two cases, 1,000 volumes, which they in turn distribute among their members. Besides, the reading-room, which serves the needs of the little town of Bexhill-on-Sea, is in use all day long.

Yet this is only the beginning. The library adopted its present system of circulation but three and a half years ago, though it may be said to have been founded in 1912. Then the librarian, Mr. William Reed-Lewis, an American and a convert, placed twenty-five books from his small library in the portico of the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen. More volumes were added from time to time, and as the number of readers increased, so also did the number of those asking leave to return the books by post. Soon followed the realization that this was going but half-way, why could not the books be applied for and distributed by mail?

In August, 1916, a small legacy and the generosity of a few readers made the answer of that question possible. The first week fifty books were posted. Now the average weekly output is well over 500 volumes, sent to readers not only in all parts of the British Isles, to Cuba, and to distant India, but even to our own California. The only expense to the borrower is that of postage. To show how the library has grown, it is enough to state that at present it possesses over 16,000 volumes. Quite an increase over the 3,500, of July, 1917. Yet the catalogue shows but 3,000 titles! Quite true, but this, in my opinion, is but another recommendation for Bexhill. "Efficient Service" might be called the librarian's watchword, and to attain this he rarely buys single copies of any book, dozen lots are the usual thing. In fact, if a book is particularly suited to present needs, you may find fifty or seventy-five copies of it at Bexhill. And these books are read. Is there any other library possessing eighty-six copies of Father Cuthbert's "Catholic Ideals in Social Life," with seventy-five in the hands of readers, or fifty-two of Sir Bertram Windle's "The Church and Science," with forty-five copies out? Even a set of the Knights of Columbus edition of the "Catholic Encyclopaedia," a half-dozen could be used profitably, takes its place in the mail bag; for earnest seekers after knowledge usually will not stop with the one subject on which they have asked information, other articles in the volume will be read.

"To realize the possibilities of the library for good," to quote Mr. Reed-Lewis, "requires but one thing, and that is imagination." The past and the present speak for themselves. In the last month and a half alone, the gift of faith has come to two Anglican ministers and to an Anglican nun, readers of Bexhill's books. And the following extract from a characteristic letter needs no comment:

A Spiritualist's demonstration was held here at Rochdale. An appeal was sent on to Bexhill, and some good up-to-date books were received. Now a number of persons, Catholic and Protestant, are studying our side of the question. In all we have about one hundred books, sixty heavy, forty light, at a cost of ten shillings. We are lending forty volumes a week and will treble that number during the coming winter.

That the future will crown the noble efforts of the past is certain, for, though the library is struggling along unendowed, it rests upon the firm foundation of faith, prayer and sacrifice. Yet the task of the library's devoted staff would be greatly lightened, if some hundreds of pounds had not to be expended each year for rent, and if Catholics would send on to Bexhill those books which they seldom or never open. Books are not printed primarily for adorning shelves, they may also save souls.

Still, though charity should not stay at home, it certainly ought to begin there, and may God hasten the day when Catholic America can boast of at least one library similar to Bexhill. What a boon such an institution would be to the priest working alone in the sparsely settled South or West to be able, for the mere postage, to keep in touch with the latest Catholic literature. What a help it would be, too, to the 2,000 councils of the Knights of Columbus in their present educational campaign against Radicalism to have on instant call Catholic books showing the remedies that must be applied if the present social evils are to be cured effectually. With a Bexhill close at hand, Catholic doubters, such as the asylum trustee mentioned by Mr. Francis Whitehill, almost for the asking could receive books that would dispel not only their own doubts, but their neighbors' ignorance as well.

Moreover, if as AMERICA has often stated, "We shall have need in the near future for a Catholic laity trained to talk and to write intelligently and convincingly of the Catholic viewpoint of many most confusing questions," a library modeled on Bexhill will be almost indispensable. For, though no one will deny that such training would be greatly facilitated by the establishment of a Catholic daily paper, it will have to be done, I believe, by local organizations more or less similar to the study clubs of the Catholic Social Gild. And this organization admits that before Bexhill became a postal library it found the task of distributing its books on social and economic questions an almost hopeless one.

Yet I do not suggest a Bexhill Library as a substitute for the Catholic daily, far from it. Let us have both, for the one will supplement the work of the other. By its very nature, a Catholic newspaper, if it is to have a general circulation, will not be able to treat all questions exhaustively, often it will have to be satisfied with very general statements of Catholic belief. Then the Catholic postal library would act as "a follow up," offering to students and to those more interested a ready means of gaining a deeper and wider knowledge. With a Catholic daily paper and a Catholic postal library working together, we would soon have throughout America what Cardinal Newman wished for England:

An intelligent, well-instructed laity; men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold, and what they do not, who know their creed so well that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it.

At the present time in more than one city of America another Bexhill Library could be established, and the outlay of money need not be great. To start, smaller Catholic libraries, parish or sodality, whose books are seldom read, could be united; appeals could be made to our Catholics, lay and clerical, for those Catholic works which are now merely gathering dust in bookcase or garret, and I am certain that the 3,500 volumes possessed by Bexhill after a year only of its existence as a postal library would be exceeded at the very outset. Once established under capable, enthusiastic leadership, its fruitfulness would soon be so evident, that our Catholic people would see that it was maintained. All that is needed to ensure success is some one with as warm a love, as keen an appreciation of the gift of faith, as have the warm-hearted American convert and his convert wife, who when many people would have said that such a task was for younger shoulders, and at a time which to many seemed most inopportune, began and have carried far beyond the experimental stage, a work which in the words of a prominent Catholic editor "is one of the greatest that is at present being done for the Catholic Faith in England."

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule should not exceed six hundred words.

A Half Hour with Archbishop Mannix

To the Editor of AMERICA:

After half an hour spent with Archbishop Mannix, I found my thoughts running in this wise: "Here is one who has been years away from Ireland, and yet his mind is at one with the minds of those who are there. He went away before the troubled period began, but he thoroughly comprehends all that has happened and is happening. In years he is a generation in advance of the young men who are maintaining the Republic, but intellectually he is in close touch with them. How is this to be explained?"

The answer is to be found, I imagine, in a remark the Archbishop made when Maynooth came into the conversation: "I spent most of my life there up to the time I went to Australia, and it has often occurred to me that never, in all that time, did I speak from any platform, on any subject." What then was he doing? Why, obviously, what they are always doing at Maynooth, keeping a generation or so ahead of Irish thought, and incidentally strengthening the foundations of Ireland's intellectual and cultural development. Suddenly, under pressure, the generation ahead has asserted itself, has taken the reins. Who should understand it, if not one who had prepared it for its work?

In these recent months, all the old material of debate about Ireland has somehow become obsolete. We are awakening, most of us slowly, some of us over slowly, to a realization that an educated people cannot be kept in servitude, that it is an educated people who in Ireland have declared their will to be free, and that it is an educated people whose intelligence is maintaining that intention. Is it strange that, in far-off Australia, the former president of Maynooth, seeing what had happened, should say to his people: "In Ireland they know what they want, and they

have declared what their future is to be. If we approve their purpose, as we do, let us, in God's name, give them what support and encouragement we can."

The Archbishop believes that the best friends Ireland has on the world are in Australia. He tells, with quiet pleasure in the recollection, of how it was proposed to prevent the St. Patrick's day procession in Melbourne as being a disloyal demonstration, and of how, when the procession formed, with himself at its head, there followed seventeen men wearing the Victoria Cross, men who had come in from all parts of Australia, not all of them Irish, not all of them Catholics; and then ten thousand overseas veterans in uniform; and then the host of civilian friends of Ireland and of that freedom for which they fought.

At Quebec, some years ago, the late Duke of Norfolk was discussing with his friend, Lord Lovat, the political utility of substituting English for Irish bishops in the Canadian northwest. "But you know," he remarked, "that on this continent when you say 'English' in the Church, you mean 'Irish.' Do you think it wholly wise to introduce the spirit of Maynooth into these colonies?" Well, Archbishop Mannix has evidently done rather more than introduce it into Australia. That is why his journey across this continent has been turned into a triumphal progress. In one of those letters of William James now being printed in the *Atlantic*, the then budding psychologist speaks of there being no public events "unless the departure of C. W. Eliot for Europe be a public event." Certainly the pastoral visit of Archbishop Mannix to Rome is a public event, or at least the friends of Ireland in this country are determined to make it so for one stage of the journey. I gathered that his Grace is not unwilling to submit to the demands made upon him, so long as it is clear that any words of his can bring counsel or encouragement to those whose desire is to uphold the hands of the Irish people in their struggle to be free. He sees but one Ireland, and prays that her leaders may act with wisdom and her people support them with steadfastness. He hopes that those who desire to help, in other lands, may always manifest such unity, in purpose and in action, as he has witnessed in Australia. He means to visit Ireland, and desires to be able to say to the people there that they and their leaders have back of them the undivided support of their kin beyond the seas.

With the Archbishop's personal appearance, the newspapers will have made everyone familiar. As to his personality, it is that of the scholar and ascetic become, against all his inclination, the man of action. He meets the two prime tests of greatness, simplicity and directness. He is pleased already with his first visit to this continent, and it is certain that all who come within his orbit will be pleased with him.

Chicago.

J. C. WALSH.

Corporation Profits

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In its issue of June 5, AMERICA quoted from a report to the Railroad Labor Board, to show the "stupendous profits made by corporations" during 1916-1918, as compared with their meagerness, or absence, during 1912-1914. As the United States did not get into the World War, nor were there any preparations in that direction until war was declared, in April, 1917; it is not clear just why 1916 should be included in the war-profit period, except to mislead the public, which appears to be the purpose of such one-sided computations.

Commercial reports will show that nation-wide depression prevailed in the United States all through 1912, 1913, and 1914. Toward the close of 1914 business picked up considerably, in the export trade especially, among machine tool makers, etc., who because of the World War were enabled to dispose of stock that had been increasing on their hands all the way back to the beginning of 1912. These industries, and others similarly situated, whose products require a large percentage

of specially skilled employees, are obliged to run continuously; to do otherwise would wreck their organization, which required years to build up. About six months before their appearance in AMERICA, United States Senator La Follette gave out identical profits; the difference being that the Senator's tabulations applied only to certain Wisconsin corporations.

Any statement pretending to show abnormal profits made by individuals or corporations, that does not at the same time show the amount of capital invested (the capital invested varies from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per capita) makes it impossible for outsiders to find out whether the profits are fair, or otherwise. Another omission in this Railroad Labor Board Statement is that Uncle Sam raked off eighty per cent of the profit made on war activities and forty per cent of all other kinds; and besides the Government tax cannot be evaded without the risk of a prison sentence, nor is there any other chance to dodge a fair "show down" in the premises except the one item of depreciation, where there is difference of opinion.

Milwaukee.

T. J. NEACY.

Overalls and Patches

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I want to thank you for honoring, by dignified mention in the columns of your interesting review, that most humble entity—accidental entity if you will—the "Patch." It is more symbolic of the resiliency of American manhood, yea of American womanhood, than even the denim and the overall of blue.

It is most interesting to enter into a personal knowledge of the truths that somehow surround and radiate from each little patch; a thing the classical political economists of a few years ago could not do by any possible stretch of the imagination. Take, for instance, political economy, as such. It is claimed by a writer in a well-known magazine of economics that there is encouragement for the future in that the American people have learned a great deal more about economics and credit phenomena in this last year than they ever knew before. So be it. But what, after all, do we mean by political—citizen's—economy? Unless I happened to be one of them myself, it would not be in good form to prate to the fellow with the "patch" of Greek derivatives. As it is, no harm can be done by recalling that economy comes from the two Greek words *oikos*, which means a house or farm or estate, and *nomos*, which means law, management, etc.; or to put it another way, that economy refers to the Greek *oiko-nomos* the prudent manager of an estate, a good housekeeper, a woman that should sew on a patch and a man that should wear a patch, if necessary.

The patch enforces another truth. It is not to be supposed that the merchant or manufacturer making his 500 per cent should trouble himself much about how the man with the threadbare suit scrapes together the means to meet his obligations. Yet the law of diminishing returns holds not only as applied to processes of manufacturing, but as applied to profits, increasing *ad infinitum*; for, after all, there is a limit to man's or woman's capacity and wish to consume *at any price*. Eventually the lapdog with other wasteful excesses will be dropped; then what borders on the necessary, the watch, the book, even the smoke and theater. Yea, the thoroughbred will balk. Circumstances will force him to see that

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Upon the rainbow, or with taper light,
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

But in the end it is the threadbare and the patch that should act as "a semaphore throwing the slow-down signal before the rushing sellers of goods."

Pittsburgh.

THOS. J. FLAHERTY.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1920

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The Crimson Tide

THE ground was wet with it. There was a pool, too, which looked as if it might be Blood and water. They had to avoid it as they passed back and forth. One of the soldiers picked up a garment, and his hand came away curiously stained. Then they began to cast lots. The garment, seamless, well-made, might be valuable. This was not work for soldiers, this execution of a tribal trouble-maker. They would get what they could out of it. Here and there, on the shoulders and along the arms, the texture was stiff with clotted Blood. That removed, the garment might possibly be worn again, or fetch a higher price, sold to some huckster. But the Blood, they grumbled, had almost spoiled it.

The world has not greatly changed since that dark afternoon when the pagan soldiers gambled for the garment of Jesus Christ. The Blood of Jesus Christ, fit object of adoration for men and angels, to them was worthless. But they saw some value in the material out of which the seamless robe was woven. Today too the world, gone mad in pursuit of temporal values, knows nothing of the values which are eternal. Gold is all, grace is nothing. A white Figure still hangs upon the Cross. It has given the world all It could give, at the price of Its Blood. But men pass by unheeding, save perhaps, as they may calculate the value of the wood of the Cross, or the commercial possibilities as real estate, of the Hill whereon was wrought the world's salvation.

Today the world looks out upon fields still wet with human blood, and in anguish mothers ask why this price must be paid in every age for a freedom which to most of them means only a continued struggle against starvation. The answer is found on Calvary and the soldiers casting lots. All children of the one Heavenly Father, brethren are massed against brethren because the world and its wisdom and its governments refuse to marshal at the Foot of the Cross. In human devices alone and in those

compromises of principle with expediency which governments call statecraft, the world seeks to find, and always loses, peace. It does not know, or will not admit, that only under the Cross near the pool of Blood and water breaking from the Heart of Christ, is found the sovereign specific for the woes of men and nations.

We are living in troublous times. It is a mockery to turn to anything less than the counsels of Heaven for relief. No process of reconstruction will issue in anything but deeper mockery if it has no part in the crimson tide that surges from Calvary. The philosopher may vaunt his wisdom, and the sociologist, backed by a pagan State, proclaim that in his program alone is found the cure for the wounds of the world. It is in vain. There is no hope of sane reconstruction, except in the adoption of the principles preached with undying eloquence by the silent Figure of Jesus Christ Crucified.

A Living Wage for Our Sisters

IF you can read with any facility, you have probably come across the newest form of propaganda for the Smith-Towner iniquity. It consists in representing five out of every ten public school teachers as underpaid ignoramuses. It is not probable that the statement, made more than once by Dr. Claxton, that 300,000, or about one-half of the public school teachers are unfit to hold their positions, is in exact accord with the facts. But much nearer the truth is the picturesque claim that today the common garden variety of scrubwoman can command more pay than an excellently equipped teacher in the grammar school.

This claim, even if it only approaches the truth, makes us Catholics cut a mean and penurious figure. No complete, definite figures are available, but the probable average annual salary of our teaching Sisters is \$250. Fancy a scrubwoman willing to work for about eighty-two cents a day! One can only fancy her, for she is not to be found within the realm of objects falling under the senses. Yet our Sisters manage to conduct our schools splendidly, and at the same time to provide for their own needs, while receiving that munificent recompense. By some heavenly alchemy they transform this pitiful pittance into gold; but it is a gold that passes muster in Heaven only. It pays no bills at the corner grocery.

The problems connected with our schools are manifold, but few are more important and pressing than the problem of a living-wage for the teaching Sister. The Sisters do not ask for motor-cars or sumptuous meals, or purple and fine linen, or week-ends at the beach, or first-nights at the opera, although their religious spirit has given them a culture which would enable them to enjoy more than ourselves the finer things of life. We cannot fitly recompense their work. Only God can do that. But in return for services beyond all price, we can give them a salary which will enable them to provide suitably for themselves, to put aside a little for the support of their younger members, to care for their sick and old, and to

bury their dead. That, surely, is giving them little, but they should not be forced to beg for that little.

The plain truth is that we Catholics have neglected our Sisters, except in asking them to work for us. Were it not for donations from abroad, the occasional benefactions of those among us who have wealth, and for their own spirit of hard work, we could not have a parish school system in this country. The Sisters are not asking for charity. They do not even urge their rightful claim to a living wage. But leaving religious motives quite out of the question, we ought in decency to give them far more than they might in justice claim.

Duluth's Disgrace

THREE negroes were lynched in Duluth a short time since. The press carried the details of the outrage, one or two papers featuring the ghastly scene with flashlight photographs. There was nothing peculiar about the story. It was the ordinary tale of mob violence and mob murder. The victims were American citizens albeit not white men. It cannot be said that there was a wave of passionate blindness in the deed. If anything there was the coolest deliberation and the shrewdest planning on the part of the mob, continued attack on the police station and a so-called investigation into the crime of the negroes on the part of those who had no right to conduct a trial or the semblance of a trial. The police power of the community, as is usual in mob outbreaks where a black man is the victim, was unable to cope with the situation. No one knows whether the victims were guilty or innocent of the crime for which they hung. How could any one know the details when a group bent on the leath of the negroes settled the matter with their farcical and illegal trial?

The one sure point is that the mob was guilty of murder. Every man and woman partaking in the crime is a murderer. They took human lives by self-constituted authority, which, in fact, is no authority. They deliberately set aside law and court, making themselves judges and witnesses and executioners. Even the State cannot do that. The State can take human life but for a very definite reason and through very definite processes of law. No individual can do so nor can any group of individuals do so without committing murder.

It is surely a disgraceful thing that the mob spirit is still with us, after we have waged a war for the preservation of ordered freedom. It is idle to excuse ourselves by laying the mob crimes to hysteria or sectional prejudice. Lynch-law has been a national shame. Duluth is too far north to justify the claim that mob-outrages against the negro population are only perpetrated in that section of the country south of the Mason and Dixon line. The race riots of a year ago were not staged in the sunny South. The startling thing is that mob-crimes have not diminished, and that they are not confined to Southern sections nor to periods of hysteria.

The very reason that atrocities that would disgrace

the most barbaric nation in the world still continue to take place, and even to increase in these United States is because the mob-murderer is never punished. Prompt punishment is rarely if ever the lot of the lynch. The murderers go their way and the community settles down after passing commendable resolutions denouncing the crime. But resolutions do not restore the life that has gone out with the halter or the oil-fed flame, nor do resolutions restore the shattered order of social justice. A common anti-lynching law impartially enforced by all the States, irrespective of color or social position, would do much to wipe out the stain of lynching outbreaks. Justice knows no color line and justice promptly administered to those who take the law into their own hands would lessen the number of those who believe that murder is excusable when the victim is black and the murderers are many.

Uplifters Come to Grief

A PARTY of uplifters once published a very smug and superior book, dealing with the lawless elements at work among the juvenile set resident in a New York slum district. The uplifters are now wiser in many things, although poorer by the sum of \$3,500. For, as it would seem from a legal report, to give their picture the proper infusion of local color, they induced one William Ambrose McCue to pose for his photograph, alleging that the same would be published in a forthcoming volume in praise of the Boy Scouts. Always willing to aid a good cause, and gifted with a dramatic instinct, William set his cap on one ear, and announced that he was ready. Now William Ambrose, in lieu of a private park wherein the children of our upper classes are wont to draw the breath of Heaven through their aristocratic nostrils, had been playing about in the streets for a period of several hours. Consequently some portion of the grime, minute, no doubt, overlooked by the diligent white wings of the locality, had attached itself to his small person. This, however, is rarely accounted a crime among the young, a sign marking off the individual as a total loss to the community. Look at your own flock, dear Madame, and thank Heaven from the bottom of your heart that their hands and faces are plentifully besmudged with the dirt of healthful play. Better far a whole houseful of similarly decorated little ones than a house in which there are none to play.

But not after this fashion did the uplifters muse. On the contrary, releasing William Ambrose, they transferred their sociological eyes to the film, and having developed it properly, caused a plate to be made for their published report. This plate they labeled, "The Toughest Kid in the District," and the accompanying rivulet of text sought to convey the idea that, from the standpoint of modern scientific sociology, William Ambrose would probably grow up to be a wholly undesirable person, of no social value whatever except to act as the recipient of the experiments of some future Thomas Mott Osborne. Pre-

cisely how this thumbnail biography fell under the eyes of William Ambrose is not clear. But fall it did, and it nerved him and his guardians to a very proper suit for libel. In this ruthless wounding of the tender feelings of the upholders, his guardians likewise evince themselves to be social units of small value. In any case, the whole affair has served to draw forth from Mr. Justice Ford of the Supreme Court, these wholesome comments:

It is a wicked libel. That is the great trouble with these movements. They think where there is poverty there must be crime. As a matter of fact in those humble little homes in the very section pictured in this book, will be found more Christian piety, more real devotion to duty, more of the sterling qualities of humanity, than will be found in the mansions along Fifth Avenue.

These people from their great heights of self-conscious righteousness and superior excellence, peer down on and discuss these human beings as though they were so many cobblestones in the street, without any regard for their feelings or for their rights in the community. It is a most unmitigated wrong upon this plaintiff, and I think the jury has been very fair, and the verdict is not excessive.

All in all, it was a bad day in court for the Russell Sage Foundation and the Survey Associates, Inc. But it is well that the "scientific" sociology which will base man's title to consideration on anything rather than on the fact that he has been made to the image and likeness of God, should come in for an occasional drubbing. As for the poor, the chief moral and civic asset of every community, they will go on as always glorifying Almighty God and saving their souls in ways as effective as they are undreamed of by crude, uncultured, and untruthful upholders.

"Art for Art's Sake"

EVER since so many of our modern novelists have disregarded the limitations of decency our ears have grown familiar with the plea that "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien as to be hated needs but to be seen," and consequently art in portraying the seamy side of life defends the cause of morality as eloquently and effectively as when it robes virtue in the garb of innocence. The lines that follow those we have quoted are usually forgotten or ignored by the champions of "art for art's sake." For the objectionable fact is that such art so portrays vice as to make it seem to lose half—at least half—its evil by *apparently* losing all its grossness, with the terrible result that "Seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Vice looked at in the abstract is one thing; seen in the

concrete it is, or seems to be, quite another. Lying, theft, intemperance, sensuality, infidelity, all the protean forms of vice are repulsive and loathsome when analyzed and viewed in the cold, white light of reason. The normal mind cannot but condemn what is seen to be naturally and irreconcilably hostile. For vice goes counter to the true dignity of man, and the instinct of self-preservation warns nature against any alliance with a declared and recognized foe. But unfortunately lying, theft, intemperance and the rest never existed as abstractions, as universal ideas. They are concrete acts and are always invested with the individuating notes, the charm and attractiveness that mark the singular.

So it is that vice may seem to lose half its evil by apparently losing all its grossness. A lie will serve at times to further a pet project, or save us from a crushing humiliation or preclude embarrassing explanations. In such circumstances a deliberate falsehood may well seem to lose at least half its evil and all its grossness. An act of theft may put us in possession of the means we sorely need to gain an object that we crave for, and the circumstances of the deed, the time, the place and the opportunity, may be such as to make detection a practical impossibility. So, too, under the stress of an insistent and persistent temptation the inclination to allow the appetite for drink excessive satisfaction, let the results be what they may, will in the moment of trial loudly denounce as unreasonable and insolently autocratic the command of conscience not to hearken to such a foe of nature as intemperance. Loyalty to the marriage bond, in the scorn of consequence, must ever win the admiration of the morally high-minded, and even of those by whom virtue is praised, though meanwhile she is forced to remain outside the door chilled to the bone. But for her whose fidelity entails many a bitter struggle with insidious temptations arising from within and without, the consciousness of having espoused the right will not always be accompanied by the consolations that the poets would have us believe were the dowry of the martyrs in their agony.

While then it is quite true that the attractions of vice are due to its trapping and not to any beauty from within, it must not be forgotten that the trappings are there. If vice were to stalk abroad unadorned with the pigments and false charms that appeal to the senses we should have, if not a sinless world, at least a far less sinful one. But men are made of flesh and blood; they are not angels.

Literature

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

LIKE Robert Browning, Walter Savage Landor can say: "I was ever a fighter." In the long life which he rounded out nearly to a century (1775-1864), even when others were willing to let him have his way, he would give himself no peace. In his "Gebir," "Count Julian," "Fruit of an Old Tree," "Pericles

and Aspasia," to the "Imaginary Conversations," though not infrequently he blows a challenge to a world he seems to despise, he withdraws for the most part into an ivory tower of silence, reserve and aloofness, and there lives away from the madding crowd, drawbridge up, locked in his fortress. But his life was restless and stormy. Of actual war and battle, with the excep-

tion of his unsuccessful attempt to help Spain in its struggle to throw off the Napoleonic yoke, he saw nothing. In his domestic and private life he was always either battling on the edge of a whirlpool of strife and controversy or was all but dragged under in its central waters. Yet to read the calm and classic pages of the greater part of the "Imaginary Conversations," the book by which he is best known and which alone engages our attention here, the reader might conclude that the balance of the author was never disturbed by life's petty trials and vexations.

Landor was a bundle of contradictions. He was an aristocrat, yet hated oppression. He loved peace so ardently that he was willing to have it brought about by tyrannicide. When he chose he displayed the gentlest of characters but marred by volcanic outbursts of temper. He quarreled over money with his father, with his tutors over a Latin quantity, with his tenants over tithes and fences. He had to be removed from Rugby, and was rusticated at Oxford. He would not touch a gun to shoot a partridge but took a malicious pleasure in firing off a blunderbuss at a hated Tory's window. For an overdone beefsteak he flung his cook out of the window, and heedless of the man's groans and broken ribs, mourned over the violets the unhappy chef had crushed in his fall. His married life was one long tragic-comedy of misunderstandings, quarrels, and reconciliations. His was a gifted, not a balanced mind. He lacked in life as he did in his literary work the equilibrium that marks the man destined for great work and a lasting fame.

In the "Imaginary Conversations" a splendid field was given to their author. Their readers must admit that across that field there stalks a stately gathering. Gods and goddesses, Roman sages and warriors, Greek philosophers and slaves, schoolmasters and queens, popes and painters, biographers and bibliophiles, Norman and Anglo-Saxon, Englishman, Italian, Frenchman and Turk, statesmen and soldiers, are summoned from the past to discourse on high and mighty themes. Aesop and Rhodopè puzzle over the mystery of life and love and the grave, Chatham and Chesterfield discuss Plato and Locke, Peterborough and Penn discourse of Don Quixote and Van Dyck, Washington and Franklin exchange views on the American Constitution, Lacy and Merino on the government of Spain. Grim or pathetic episodes are brought before us with tragic power. We shudder at the heartlessness of Henry VIII in his last visit to Anne Boleyn in the Tower; at the brutality of the sanguinary Czar Peter condemning his own son Alexius to death. When Hannibal meets the dying Marcellus on the field which the brave Roman has lost and slips his own mantle under the head of the fallen foe, when to his request that the Roman general write to the Senate and ask it to make peace with Carthage, the hero answers: "Within an hour or less, with what a severe brow, would Minos say to me: 'Marcellus, is this thy writing?'" we feel that Landor has crystallized in a few words the spirit of old Rome. Rome's spirit inspires him also when in his canvas, Metellus and Marius stand by the walls of beleaguered Numantia, and Marius penetrates into the heart of the doomed city to find only corpses, starvation and death. As gruesome as a canvas of Wierz is the picture of Empress Catharine, the Russian Clytemnestra, and Princess Dashkoff listening at the door of the room in which Czar Peter lies murdered by Catharine's orders, to the drops of an Emperor's blood as they trickle to the floor. The picture is hideous, and it is not historically true, but it is a fair counterpart to the fiendish exclamation of Lady Macbeth "Give me the daggers."

These pictures and other masterpieces of the same kind preserve the memory and the fame of Landor. It is in such isolated passages and scenes that we must look for the best in him. Their dramatic quality compels our admiration. It is often linked with a vigor and restraint of diction, a classic purity of expression and an energy and felicity of form surpassed by few of our great writers. Noble thoughts are scattered in profusion. Landor

clothes them in simple or costly robes as the occasion demands. With Newton and Barrow his language is vigorous, austere, with Agnes Sorel and Joan D'Arc it tingles with a suppressed power, with Aesop and Rhodope with a tender pathos. Landor has unmistakable faults but he is a great stylist.

But his constitutional lack of equilibrium manifests itself in many ways. His "Conversations" lack unity. He has little power of close and consecutive reasoning. He has painted a few dramatic episodes, but displays little dramatic insight. His personages talk out of character, and instead of expressing their views, are constantly Landorizing or airing his. And his views in spite of his wide scholarship are frequently unsound. He is constantly barking at the heels of Plato. At his hands Dante fares poorly, and while Shakespeare now and then receives a rather perfunctory tribute of admiration, all his incense is reserved for Milton, his idol. The frigid, stiff and ultra-classical Alfieri is acknowledged by him as the greatest of the moderns. But he is bluff and outspoken in his opinions, and dogged in his defense of them. Of anything like an understanding and an appreciation of the truths of Christianity he gives scantiest proof, while for "priest-craft," in his own sense of the word and in every sense of the word, he manifests the profoundest and most unreasonable contempt. The religion that suits him best is that of Epicurus, not in its coarser and more sensual phases, but in that higher hedonism, which in others is but a mask and a disguise for the most degrading pleasures. Hatred of the Catholic Church, of its priesthood, of its Popes and its doctrines is a positive mania with him. His long sojourn in Italy may have disclosed some weaknesses in its clergy and its Faithful, but Landor evidently closed his eyes to the beauty and the virtues that everywhere crossed his path. In all English anti-Catholic literature, in what Newman calls the "Protestant Tradition" of prejudice and falsehood, some of the most flagrant instances of bigotry are in the "Imaginary Conversations."

Landor's talents elicit our admiration. But that admiration is promptly chilled, if not stifled, when we see him in the dialogues between Pope Eugene IV and Fra Lippo Lippi, or between Leo XII and his valet, Gigi, the former as winking at vice and the latter listening with the air of a consummate roué to coarse language and indecent innuendoes which would not be tolerated from a stable-boy. The conversation between the Grand Duke Peter Leopold and President Du Paty is a diatribe on nearly all that Catholics hold dear, their priesthood, indulgences, confession, devotion to Our Lady and the Saints, Masses for the dead. Du Paty has the better of course of the argument. But the dialogue reveals in tell-tale colors the weakness of Landor's character, naturally unbalanced and when his passions were aroused, unfair. As to the Jesuits, general punching-bag for controversial pugilists, seldom were they painted and punished so unmercifully, yet so slanderously, as by Landor in the dialogue between Louis XIV and his Jesuit confessor, Father La Chaise. The ponderous wit, the scurrilous sarcasm may force a smile, but the bitterness, and the Pascal-like disregard of all the rules of honesty and fairplay will rouse the scorn of every decent man. The writings of an author like Landor must be taken in small doses, the label closely scrutinized. There were the elements in him of a great man and a greater writer. But no fairy had molded them all into a generous whole. He never learnt to control his life, his prejudices, or his pen. Splendid in parts, his work allures only a handful of admirers. Even these few and select guests, rich and rare as they find the banquet set for them, soon begin to notice that their host in his talk not only "drones" at times, but that in the midst of glowing periods, richly colored scenes and noble thoughts, there are unreasonable prejudices, unbalanced judgments, and where sacred objects and beliefs held in reverence by millions are discussed, a bitterness and a passion that partially eclipse his undeniable gifts.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S. J.

THE TWO SERMONS

The preacher spoke of pride and lust; his voice droned like a bee;
 The gold light on a blood-red pane woke wordless thoughts in me.
 He spoke of love in a half-dream, but in the altar shade,
 The nodding of a candle-flame a winged love had made.
 He spoke of showered loveliness his wrinkled heart knew not;
 The incense like a pale blue mist a fairer beauty taught.
 He spoke of hope, and yet I heard but dimly what he said;
 I saw a tiny lamp and flame of lowly burning red.
 He spoke of God, and God's great might, but all my soul could see
 Were towering arches, height on height, in calm sublimity.
 He spoke of death, but in my soul there was no thought of death;
 I saw a white archangel poised athwart a window's breath.
 He spoke dim words of Golgotha, and Christ upon a rood;
 I saw a jeweled chalice hide in gold its cup of Blood.
 He spoke of hell and Paradise, and yet I had not heard;
 My chained soul had visioned the Unutterable Word.

MYLES E. CONNOLLY.

REVIEWS

Worth. By ROBERT KANE, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.25.

In this volume Father Kane, who needs no introduction to American readers, has set himself to discuss the things that are supremely worth while and the means to attain them. The author apologizes for the shortcomings of his book on the score of being an "old blind man," but he might have spared himself the pains of so doing, for in it there is very little that even a captious critic could find fault with, and there is abundant evidence on every page that his mental vision has advanced in inverse proportion to his failing eyesight. An extraordinary acuteness of mind, joined to a remarkable clarity and facility of expression, both reinforced by a maturity of reflection possible only in one whose life is passed necessarily in the world of thought, have combined to make him peculiarly fitted to deal with those fundamental principles which give the correct orientation to right living.

The book is not a treatise on philosophy, although it has extracted the heart of those portions of philosophy, principally ethics and psychology, which determine the purpose of human life, man's nature and his faculties, and his latent possibilities of development; neither is it a course of ascetism, although it points the way to the accomplishment of those aims towards which all men, even in spite of themselves, are constantly striving. Beginning with general principles, he determines the values of matter and mind, the true and false standards of worth, the compelling fact of moral obligation and the sanction by which it is divinely fortified. Then follows an application of these principles to the worth of patriotism. The last part, which is concerned with personal worth, is especially valuable, containing studies of human personality, will-power, intellectual excellence, the handmaidens of the soul, the material shrine, and the invitation and inspiration to the higher things which it has received from the Revelation and example of Christ.

It would be unfair not to say that there are pages in the volume which are not easy reading, for at times the thought is so subtle and the language so accurate that to follow it calls for considerable concentration of mind; on the other hand, he has cast loose from the formulae of the text-books and his philosophy of life is so satisfying, so stimulating, so sound and so practical that it well repays the effort needed to master it. Father Kane's book will be found very useful for supplementary reading in the schools; it is filled with excellent matter

for more serious conferences; and for cleric and layman alike it affords a thorough, though compendious, presentation of those ideals, so far as they depend on reason, which have always been identified with Catholic life. J. H. F.

Life of Ven. Anne Madeleine Remuzat. Religious of the Order of the Visitation. 1696-1730. By the Sisters of the Visitation of Harrow. With Twelve Illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. 6s.

Madeleine Remuzat, born six years after the death of St. Margaret Mary, and like her a Visitation nun, was the one chosen by God to carry on and extend the work of her great predecessor. She was the first to popularize devotion to the Sacred Heart. From her cloister she succeeded in establishing the public celebration of the feast in the city of Marseilles, whence it spread throughout the world. Her story is a peculiarly ingratiating one. We are told of her babyhood with its tempestuous faults, her visions of Our Lord beginning when she was only eight years old, her love of suffering grown to such perfection that when she was twelve Christ chose her as His special victim. She entered the Visitation Convent of the Grandes Maries at Marseilles when only fifteen, and died at the age of thirty-three.

Hagiologists are constantly afraid of their subject,—fearing that the ways of God with His chosen ones will be misunderstood they embellish the qualities of the one they seek to describe, while they hide the pursuit of the Divine Lover. It is not so in this volume. The author is afraid, as she confesses, but nevertheless she gives us the whole story, and we see Sister Anne Madeleine, a clear-drawn and most interesting character yielding more and more to the advances of her Lord. Hers was a vivid, bracing personality, and we feel throughout her independence of outlook and action. The style of the book is rather diffuse, but this is overbalanced by the interest of the story. The account of the Great Plague and of the spiritual warfare waged against it is well given. The latter portion of the book consists largely of quotations from letters of the Venerable to her director revealing the terrible and mysterious sufferings of soul imposed upon her by God. In sharp contrast to these are three gay letters to her brother written at the same period. Anyone with an appreciation of the mystical will find this book very interesting. A. F. K.

Hiker Joy. By JAMES B. CONNOLY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Sea stories of adventure during the days when the world was at war, with the story-teller an out-and-out American boy form the power that makes James B. Connolly's latest book intensely interesting. Connolly knows the sea and the sailor man. He knows literature too and he writes literature even though the slang of the docks and the decks is his medium of expression as it is in the present volume. Hiker Joy has been called by some critics a typical boy of New York's streets. He is much more than that, he is of America's streets, with no home-helps, and a lot of straight natural virtues that give the lie to a great deal of sentimentalism that will insist on environment being the force behind character and character development. If it were the all-impelling force it would have driven Hiker Joy down to the level of the gunman. He rises far above his environment, does great things and good things, is courageous and unselfish and brave. His loyalty to Bill Green, his friend, and literary mentor, stands out forcefully as the stories unfold. And the author has shown rare power in character painting, with these two types of American sea-going men. They give expression to their philosophy of life not as puppets but as living human beings, thinking aloud. And there is more thought in a sentence or two of Bill Green's musings or Hiker Joy's comments than in whole pages of our so-called best-sellers.

Hiker Joy is more than a series of short-stories. It is a very clear treatise on the principles of the short-story as these principles have been sounded and tested by James B. Connolly. Before the book closes the reader is given a very fine treatise on the art of writing. But it is far from text-book form or carefully balanced phrase. Yet it shows power and skill and thought-mastery. It is a worth-while book. G. C. T.

Adventures Among Birds. By W. H. HUDSON. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4.00.

"The adventures of a soul, sensitive or not, among the feathered masterpieces of creation," is what the author would have liked to call this book, "if long titles were the fashion nowadays." The twenty-seven carefully written chapters in the volume describe as does Mr. Hudson's other book on the subject, "Birds in Town and Village," the results of his close and accurate observation of bird-life in England and in Argentina. Interesting anecdotes to illustrate a bird's remarkable instinct abound. There is that South American trumpeter, for example, "a quaint beautiful creature, a little ostrich in shape," which "would go into a sleeper's room and salute him on rising by dancing about the floor, bowing its head and dropping its wings and tail, continuing the performance until its presence was noticed and it was spoken to, whereupon it would depart to visit another bedroom to repeat the ceremony there." And he tells another entertaining story about an old wild gander that used to go round at nightfall and chase all the barnyard fowls to their roosts, where they would be safe from the foxes. One of the best chapters, from a literary point of view, in Mr. Hudson's book, is that on "The Immortal Nightingale," describing that songster's prompt reappearance year after year in the identical spot it left the autumn before. The ancients thought that it was always the same deathless bird that they listened to and that the impelling force that invariably brought it back to the same place was a supernatural one. This is the underlying thought in the last two lines of the renowned epitaph of Callimachus which Cory translates:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed;

I wept when I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
And now that you are lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For death he taketh all things, but these he cannot take.

W. D.

A Short History of the Italian People. From the Barbarian Invasions to the Attainment of Unity. By JANET PENROSE TREVELYAN. With Twenty-four Illustrations and Six Maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.00.

This history begins with the reorganization of the Roman Empire under Diocletian, and ends with the unification of Italy under Victor Emmanuel II. If there is any failure to be registered on the part of the historian, it cannot be scored against the inherent interest of the events with which it deals. Few histories afford the writer such dramatic possibilities and romantic incidents, as the history of the Italian people. The invasions of the Barbarians, the struggles of Lombard and Frank, the rise of the Papal power, the foundation of a Norman kingdom in Southern Italy, the contest of order against law in the person of Gregory VII and Henry IV of Germany, the growth of the city-republics and their struggle with Frederick Barbarossa, the tragic story of the Hohenstaufen, the splendors of the Papacy at its height of spiritual and temporal greatness under Innocent III, the "captivity" of the Popes at Avignon, the inroads of the foreigner in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Renaissance, the Revolution, the *Risorgimento*, closing with the downfall of the temporal power of the Popes,

most odious of robberies, and the subsequent unification of Italy, form a wonderful series of adventures, of heroisms and weaknesses and crimes, such as seldom fall to the lot of the chronicler. Mrs. Trevelyan has united the various scenes together in a well-connected whole, in a clear and simple style, but in a narrative that is colorless and devoid of life and movement.

In a history of the Italian people, the Popes play an important part. Impartial history must recognize them as the genuine creators of Italy. We naturally look for the verdict which Mrs. Trevelyan passes upon them, and the reaction of the Italian people toward them. While the book is free from the coarse diatribes against the Popes and the Papacy which disfigure many of the so-called historical masterpieces, the Popes are too readily condemned on the slightest grounds. In the account, for instance, of the tragic end on the scaffold of the last of the Hohenstaufen, that young Conrardin over whose fate so many tears have been shed, the author writes that "Pope Clement raised not a finger to save him, and is accused by many of having advised his death." But it has been clearly shown that the Pope pleaded repeatedly for Conrardin's life, that he besought St. Louis, King of France, to add the weight of his influence with his brother Charles of Anjou to save him, and that he sternly rebuked Charles himself for his cruelty, after the unfortunate prince's death at Naples in 1268. In the author's recital of the movement for the unification of Italy, little or nothing is said of the odious methods, the shameful conspiracy of might against right, the lying and the misrepresentation crowned with violence, robbery and usurpation which finally brought it about. The robbers are admired but the Pope, who was the victim, gets scant sympathy. When the real Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel II are known, we find it difficult to realize how such hollow idols can be placed so high in the niche of history.

J. C. R.

The Logic of Lourdes. By Rev. JOHN J. CLIFFORD, S.J. New York: The America Press, New York. \$1.00.

Lourdes proposed as an argument for the truth of the Catholic Faith, such is the interesting and important theme of Father Clifford's book. He begins by giving in detail the case of Marie Lebranchu, the heroine in one of Zola's novels; introduces us to the work of the Lourdes Medical Bureau; visited by 4,117 doctors in seventeen years; and then through successive chapters shows how impossible it is to account by natural causes for the many hundreds of carefully authenticated cures wrought at this famous place of pilgrimage, where God's power is so signally manifested through Mary.

Particularly scientific and satisfactory for the modern mind is the author's thorough and extensive argument drawn from the process of cell-germination. No purely natural agency can account for the sudden healing of an open wound and the sudden formation of sound tissue. "Suppose there is a lesion," he says, "a hole in a lung, to fill which would require millions of cells. The only way nature generates cells is in succession. Therefore the only way nature can get these millions is by going through the process of producing the cells *successively*." Yet in Lourdes sound tissue has repeatedly been produced upon the instant. The logical conclusion is evident. But the author pushes his argument further and shows how Lourdes becomes a convincing proof for the truth of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, of Papal Infallibility and of the Church herself.

The book is written in an easy style that catches and sustains the interest of the reader. It is in fact the writer's purpose to show how up to date and newsy is the information he has to give, which might furnish head-lines for the daily press. The book can with advantage be placed in the hands of non-Catholics and will help to confirm the faith of Catholic readers, for such is the logic of Lourdes.

J. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Theology in French.—Father Jules Lebreton's "Les Origines du Dogme de la Sainte Trinité" (Paris: Beauchesne, 24 fr.) which on its first appearance ten years ago won the highest encomiums from Catholic theologians and Biblical scholars throughout the world, and was officially "crowned" by the French Academy, now appears in its fourth edition. It well deserves that honor by its thoroughness, wide research, and mastery of a difficult question. In the present volume, the author has entirely recast the chapter dealing with the synoptical Gospels, and thrown new light on such subjects as the Messianic hopes and expectations such as they appeared in Palestinian Judaism and in the Jewish character of Philonian speculation. He has also thoroughly revised and reset the note dealing with the Last Judgment (Mark xiii, 32). The volume, a solid one of over 600 pages, is a splendid addition to the "Library of Historical Theology" published by the Theological Faculty of the Catholic Institute of Paris.

The War's Romance and Cost.—In "Sky Stories: In Luck on the Wing" (Dutton, \$3.00) Major Elmer Haslett gives thirteen stories of an aerial observer. His detailed description of air-fighting is interesting but a great many details of an introductory nature could have been omitted in his book without endangering its worth. German air-supremacy is admitted and the inferior condition of the American air-service is very evident from the author's story. The feats of our airmen are all the more noteworthy on that account. The book will appeal especially to those interested in aeronautics.—In "Human Costs of the War" (Harper's, \$2.25) Homer Folks has published his conclusions on the high cost of war in terms of human life. It is an interesting volume. After a thorough study of the human liabilities the author makes a strong case against war's pretended benefits to a nation or to civilization. With 10,000,000 homeless, 9,000,000 soldier dead, 50,000,000 manless homes and 10,000,000 empty cradles we may well ask how civilization has benefited by a war waged presumably for civilization. While war is technically waged between combatants its effect is on peoples and not merely on armies. Every European nation has its future mortgaged. A series of immense debts will claim all the nations' income except that needed for the necessities of life. There is a continent to be rebuilt with little means for the rebuilding. In the author's view it is America's duty to face the facts, and continue emergency help while planning permanent relief for the countries that have been the greatest war-sufferers. There have been too many war-books written but not too many of the kind that Homer Folks now offers to the reading public. It is a remarkably complete indictment against war and all that war means.

Feeble Defences.—Jules Thiebault's evidence for survival after death appears in English under the title of "The Vanished Friend" (Dutton, \$2.50). Automatic writing, the ouija-board and planchette with spirit photographs and the usual amount of trifling chatter fill the pages of this typical Spiritistic book. Evidence that is not evidence and explanations that fail to explain are so common now in the literature of the cult that the one puzzle left is the fact that psychic books still continue to appear. The late Mr. Barnum seems to have had the only solution.—"That Damn Y" (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50) is the rather unusual title Katherine Mayo has chosen for her book on the Y. M. C. A. The reader is led to expect an indictment only to find a complete vindication of the work of the organization during the war. The entire 411 pages could have been summed up and published in pamphlet form, to stand and fall on the evidence presented. Katherine Mayo claims that a big and difficult job was done and done as efficiently as could be expected. She has crowded her story with trivial instances and

multiplied stories of camp and field wearisomely. No reader who has gone through even the occasional war-book will be tempted to cover the entire American adventure again with the Y in the center of the scene. It may prove of interest to the Y-worker, but the general reader will find it tiresome and overdone.

Hellenism and Judaism.—In our esteem for Attic culture and sympathy with Demosthenes against Philip of Macedon, we lose sight of the fact that the fall of Athens and the rise of Macedonia led to the spread of Hellenic culture throughout the world. Thereafter the Jews of Palestine and of the Diaspora came into close contact with Hellenic ideas and ideals. Palestine was conquered by Alexander in 332 B. C.; it remained subject to the Hellenized Ptolemies of Egypt or Seleucids of Syria until the Macchabean revolt, 168 B. C. Mr. Norman Bentwich's "Hellenism" (Jewish Pub. Soc., Philadelphia) shows the infiltration of non-Hebraic ideas into the Judaism of Palestine. He draws upon the Books of the Macchabees, the Wisdom of Ben Sira, and other post-exilic literature. But his description of the influence of Hellenism on the Jews of the Diaspora is colored by prejudice. He says that the Alexandrian canon of the Old Testament deliberately departed from the Palestinian, but in view of the recent finding of the original Hebrew Ben Sira, this statement is not correct. Our earliest witness for the Masoretic text is a tenth-century manuscript; whereas the manuscript witnesses to the Alexandrian canon bring us back to the middle of the fourth century, A. D. Like many Protestant writers, the author takes for granted the ridiculous theory of an evolution of Christianity through a sociological environment of Hellenism. Without a shred of proof, the reader is asked to swallow the notion that Christianity is not the teaching of Jesus, but a Paulinism about Jesus.

Spiritism Defended and Exposed.—"The Truth of Spiritualism" (Lippincott, \$1.50) by Mrs. Desmond Humphreys, contains the usual gratuitous assertions of Spiritistic literature with more than the ordinary venom in its strictures upon the Church. It is good to have an author, even though ignorant, declare that religion is only concerned with the surface values of life, the ceremonies and hypocrisies and collection-boxes which have no real spirituality behind them. It makes clear the issue between false and true religion and destroys the contention of the author of "So Saith the Spirit" (Dutton, \$3.50), who is a "King's Counsel," that Spiritism does not interfere with membership in any church. A member of the Church of England or the Catholic Church may be a good Spiritist, yet all who have studied Spiritism agree "that it lends no support to the old idea of hell as a place of never-ending torment . . . that although there is a resurrection in a sense, it is not a rising again of the earth-body but that the person is clothed with a spirit-body." As far back as 1887 the Seybert Commission on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania investigated modern Spiritism, and published a "Report" (Lippincott, \$1.50). Its findings are republished in a small volume containing nothing but facts and they tell strongly against most of the phenomena of Spiritism and are as cogent today as when they were first put forth. The writer of "Our Unseen Guest" (Harper, \$2.00) is anonymous. The real writer is a soldier-spoof and his means of communication the ouija-board. After many pages of sentimental generalities and startling coincidences that can be duplicated in any psychic magazine article the reader is left in the dark regarding the proof for identity. The one claim by which Spiritism can prove its message, an absolute demonstration of the supposed spirit's identity, is never forthcoming. "To Walk with God" (Dodd, Mead) is a very spiritual title covering a jumble of platitudes that two women and a planchette are responsible for. The book as usual is published merely from a sense of duty to

"add this small link to the chain of testimony binding our world more closely to the next." During the present paper shortage it would be well for reputable firms to refuse publication to any more Spiritistic books.

Two Seasons Personified.—David Osborne Hamilton's "Four Gardens" (Yale University Press) an attractive little volume in "The Yale Series of Younger Poets," contains these tributes to Winter and Autumn:

O earth in Winter is a nun
On patient bended knee;
Her robes are shining garments bright
Of crystal purity;
But neat her smooth and chilly robe,
Despite her lowered head,
There burns an eager, ardent soul,
A heart of flaming red!
And in her cloister cell at night
When stars are glittering,
She kneels and fervently awaits
The paradise of spring.

The Autumn is a dowager,
Now lame and short of breath,
Who hears old Winter rumble near
In his cold coach of death;
Straight at her mirror she sits down—
Her tricks are over-old—
A tinsel dress, false blush of red,
Unnatural hair of gold.
More scarlet now she paints her cheeks—
Rehearses every art—
A veil of yellow foliage!
Still she may win his heart!

EDUCATION

The Convention of the Catholic Educational Association

THE Catholic Educational Association met for its seventeenth annual convention in New York on June 28. Probably at no time in its active and beneficent career has the Association been called upon to face, and to discuss plans for the solution of problems more momentous. Catholics, from the very nature of their religion, are a class set apart. This isolation is not the outcome of any pharisaic spirit. It is forced by the fact that Catholics cannot follow the present dominant philosophy of secularism in its acceptance of specious principles and alleged truths in which Almighty God has no part. Whatever effectiveness we may hope for, is found in Him, through Him, by Him. Not even philosophy, can we treat utterly without reference to Him. Vindicating for the State its last legitimate right, and even exhorting men to bear with persecution for justice' sake, Catholics must vindicate with an even firmer insistence, the last rights of the Church as a true and perfect society. Hence, setting Catholic philosophy and Catholic belief against the ever-widening encroachment of the State upon the rights of the Church, the family and the individual, it follows that the Catholic view of education will essentially differ from the view reflected by the principle that the State alone is the ultimate source and final sanction of all rights and duties and, for all practical purposes, omnipotent.

CATHOLIC IDEALS IN EDUCATION

SOME thought of this encroachment seemed to enter the discussions at every session, whether the definite topics were college standardization, the strengthening of the parish school system, the care of Catholic children in rural districts, or the particular problems of religious superiors. No doubt too it was present to the mind of his Grace, the Archbishop of New York, whose pastoral zeal was discerned not only in his remarkably inspiring sermon delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral at the opening of the Convention, but in addresses at several

of the general meetings. The very first words which fell upon the ears of the assembled delegates, emphasized the place of the supernatural in education.

"All the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" are hid in Christ Jesus Our Lord, the Son of God. His revelation to man must be considered in every school or system of education that would seek and reach the heights of true wisdom, and sound the depths of true knowledge. Failure to recognize the teaching office of Him in whom are hid "all the treasures of knowledge and wisdom" necessarily limits and makes imperfect and defective a program of education that sees only the superficial, the purely material external phenomena of the universe, and is quite content with the merely experimental and pragmatic.

Christian education takes the larger, the higher, and the broader view of human existence, and its temporal and eternal purpose. It will not be constrained within the vision of the eye, the sound of the ear, the touch of the hand and the grasp of the intellect. It sees, hears, senses, and realizes God in all creation, visible and invisible. Its quest for truth is guided by the light of human reason and the light of Divine faith. It teaches the supernatural as well as the natural, the Divine as well as the human, the heavenly as well as the earthly, the eternal as well as the temporal, the spiritual as well as the material. It presses the urgent need of spiritual culture perfecting the will, in addition to physical training developing the body and mental instruction improving the intellect.

Turning then to the menacing spirit of secularization in education, his Grace said:

Education becomes a menace when its power and supremacy are invoked against the rights of God, the rights of the family, and the rights of the child. The Church has grieved much for many a long day at the widespread spirit of secularization in education, and is gravely anxious at the present advocacy of Federal centralization, and the still more dangerous tendency of socialization in education. Secularism violates the rights of God; centralization encroaches on the rights of the family; and Socialism the rights of the child.

The Archbishop then attacked "the proposed Federalized control of education throughout the country" as "an extraordinary manifestation of secularism in education."

Nation and State, city and village, should provide opportunities for education, and should see that parents neglect not their duty. *But to centralize, in the hands of a few men, an educational dictatorship for the forty-eight sovereign States of the Union smacks of an usurpation of power and of empire that makes the thoughtful wonder and ponder much the drift of our times.* Practical politics plays to policies rather than principles, even at Washington. Where is the guarantee that Washington can evolve an ideal system of education? Albany might meet with greater success than Washington. Statesmen, legislators and politicians hardly claim any special prerogative in the field of education. If illiteracy must be wiped out here, and if Americanization must be encouraged there, why Federal enactment for the entire country? *Too much Federal interference and supervision, in matters that come closely home to the people and are local, tend to weaken the authority and influence of the States, which form the very strength and unity of our national life.*

Strong words, but not too strong! It is to be hoped that the masterly discourse of his Grace will soon be available for general circulation. The lessons which it teaches are badly needed at the present time.

SMITH-TOWNER BILL CONDEMNED

POSSIBLY the most notable of the resolutions is the clear and unmistakable condemnation of the Smith-Towner bill which the Association adopted at the closing session by unanimous vote.

Since by the Constitution of the United States, no authority to control or regulate education within the States has been delegated to Congress, we protest against the enactment of the Smith-Towner bill (H. R. 7, S. 1017) or of any measure which tends to centralize at Washington pow-

ers reserved under the Constitution to the respective States or to the people.

Comment is needless. It may be remarked, however, that a definite, nation-wide plan to force the Smith-Towner bill through Congress has been adopted by its unwearied friends. The fight is to be carried into every congressional district and candidates, as well as the present incumbents, are to be forced, somewhat after the manner of the Anti-Saloon tactics, to define their views on the bill. If any defining is to be exacted, perhaps those among us who yet believe that the preservation of the constitutional rights of the States is as important as the preservation, within their constitutional limitations, of every right of the Federal Government, will wisely take the field first.

OUR SISTERS

NO comment on the Convention can be acceptable without some reference to the Sisters in attendance. They were keen, they were alert, they were persistent; what they knew, they knew; of what they did not know, they desired an explanation, and they voiced their opinions in debate with the persuasiveness of women who believed in their cause, and with a charming modesty which doubtless convinced many a saintly founder that he had not written his rules in vain. The value of the work of these religious women to the Church and to society cannot be overestimated. Devoted, heart and soul, to the sublime task of making Jesus Christ a living, dominant influence in the life of the child, they exercise a mission which in our country today yields in importance only to the direct work of the sacred ministry in the preaching of the Gospel and the administration of the Sacraments. More richly endowed are we than any State system in the services of these selfless women who to the skill of the trained teacher add the motherly tenderness of a woman's consecrated heart, and the sublimating flame of the religious spirit, urging them to spend and to be spent for Christ.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

The Ape-Man and University Circles

THROUGH unnumbered millions of years," says Professor E. G. Conklin in the first of the *Princeton Lectures* sent out by the college faculty to its alumni, "evolution has moved on from the lowest form of life to the highest, from amoeba to man." There is no twitching of a muscle, no lifting of an eye-brow, no shrugging of a shoulder blade, as this assertion is made. Yet short of a private revelation there is absolutely no way in which the Professor could have obtained his certainty in this matter. Darwin denied that when there is question of species in the strictest sense of the word an evolution from one species to another could ever be proved in even a single instance. ("Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," I, p. 210, Appleton ed., 1896.) M. Yves Delage, Professor of the Sorbonne, makes the same admission: "It cannot be formally proved ever to have done so." (*La Structure du Protoplasma et les Théories sur L'Hérédité*, p. 184.)

The latter frankly confesses that in order to sustain his atheistic attitude he must accept materialistic evolution, since the alternative to which he would else be reduced, after setting aside spontaneous generation, is the acceptance of a Creator. Unthinkable thought! Rather sacrifice both reason and science than admit a God! Professor Kellogg, too, to cite another extreme materialist, admits that there is practically no objective proof for any real specific change. ("Darwinism Today," p. 18.) It is needless to multiply witnesses, as could easily be done. There is nothing else for any scientist to say except that proof is wanting; that the evolution of species, in the strictest sense of the word, is not a certified fact but a "theory"; and

that the "missing" link is "missing," and has been quite properly named. In making this comment we do not attack any "theory of evolution" that is scientifically proposed.

Since therefore not one link only, but all supposed links connecting the various species are "missing," it is clear that there can be question of a private revelation only, in Professor Conklin's case, when he tells the Princeton alumni, evidently without any doubt in the matter, that: "Evolution has moved on from the lowest form of life to the highest, from amoeba to man." Now as Catholics we are exceedingly suspicious of private revelations and are still taught, according to a now rather antiquated method, to look for evidence. We will therefore be pardoned if we cannot accept this statement on faith, since faith presupposes the evidences of credibility.

TAKING SCIENCE ON FAITH

BUT this is not all the Princeton circular asks the Princeton alumni to take on faith. The document in question, which we quote merely because it is so typical of modern non-Catholic university methods, seems to assume that because man is a vertebrate and a mammal, a fact which no one would question, that therefore he must be descended from animals in body and soul. This would imply that the principle of unity of design, which belongs to the first rudiments of art, must be denied to the Creator alone; as if similarity in variety is not precisely what our artistic perception would lead us to expect in a Divine plan, just as in fact it is realized in the wonderful order of the universe. But here is the passage to which we were coming. The professor continues:

About half a million years ago the immediate progenitors of man appeared on the earth. The earliest man-like fossil so far discovered is the Ape-man, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, of Java. About 100,000 years ago the Neanderthal man appeared, a member of the genus *Homo*, but an extinct species, *neanderthalensis*. Then came, about 25,000 years ago, certain races of the existing species, *Homo sapiens*, such as the Cro-Magnon and the Grimaldi races.

Now while this exposition may seem orthodox enough for those brought up in the schools of materialistic evolution, it is no exaggeration to say that it would be difficult to group together, within the same space, more gratuitous statements than are here made in a single short paragraph.

THE "WALKING APE-MAN"

AVOLUME might evidently be written in answer to these assertions. But to begin with *Pithecanthropus erectus*— "walking ape-man," in plain Anglo-Saxon—it will suffice to say that the endlessly conflicting views pronounced on the upper portion of a skull, two molar teeth and a thigh bone, picked up at different times and in rather different locations in a Java river-bed, out of which this presumed specimen of a "missing link" is constructed, should give any scientist pause before he pronounces upon them. Nothing less than the visit of an archangel must have assured the Princeton professor that these bones even belonged together, and were not the relics of several different specimens washed together into that same river bed in prehistoric days. There is not a single detail in regard to these relics upon which scientists agree. Yet Princeton alumni, even though afar from their Alma Mater, are encouraged to retain their beautiful faith that this is the veritable Ape-man, who appeared by stop-watch time, about 500,000 years ago. Such docility as is shown by the pupils and alumni of countless of our great non-Catholic universities may be very touching, but it bears no relation to science.

In regard to the skull alone of *Pithecanthropus erectus* Dr. Munro shows how of twenty leading "authorities" who examined it, seven pronounced it to be human, seven believed it to

be transitional, and six held with Virchow, perhaps the greatest scientist of them all, that it was simply the pate of an ape. ("Paleolithic Man," p. 190.) Such is the certainty in the case. Its cranial capacity is not too large for that of a good-sized ape. Why, then, not rest content with that, except that a "missing link" must be found? The same conflict of opinions is waged over each of the poor derelict bones. The two molar teeth, it may be mentioned, were found at a distance of about fifty feet from each other, the second tooth a year after the first had been discovered. So exit *Pithecanthropus erectus*, who may just as likely have been four different creatures as one, a whole menagerie. His age is as mythical as his complexion.

THE NEANDERTHAL MAN

BUt materialistic evolution is nothing if it is not self-confident, so immediately the stage is set for the Neanderthal man. It must have been the ouija-board that was consulted when the rather definite information was obtained that he belonged to an extinct species that appeared about 100,000 years ago, and 75,000 years before any existing species. Unfortunately Professor Arthur Keith, a particular friend of Professor Conklin, feels "compelled to admit," as the result of extensive investigations, that: "Men of modern type had been in existence long before the Neanderthal type." Professor Osborne, who equally feels that the evidence is all against his evolutionary preconceptions, explains the Neanderthal type by a wonderful evolution downwards which makes the Neanderthal men "degenerate offshoots of the Tertiary race." ("Man of the Old Stone Age," pp. 141, 142.) And here is what that eminent geologist, G. Frederick Wright, has to say, which we have every reason to believe will remain the final word:

Upon extending inquiries it was found that the Neanderthal type of skull is one which still has representatives in all nations; so that it is safe to infer that the individual was a representative of all the individuals living in his time. *The skull of Bruce, the celebrated Scotch hero, was a close reproduction of the Neanderthal type;* while, according to Quatrefages ["Human Species," p. 310] the skull of Bishop Toul in the fourth century "even exaggerated some of the most striking features of the Neanderthal cranium. The forehead is still more receding, the vault more depressed, and the head so long that the cephalic index is 69.41." ("Man and the Glacial Period," p. 276.)

Macnamara found the average cranial capacity of a considerable number of Australian and Tasmanian skulls, placed under his observation, to be less than that of the Neanderthal man, while Klaatch and other "authorities," equally accepted by the scientific world, recognized in the Neanderthal skull all the characteristics that can commonly be met with among the Australian negro in our own day. On this latter subject Eric Wassmann, S.J., in his "Modern Biology" (pp. 506, 507), has not a little to say to show that the Neanderthal skull is simply that of some ancient human race not specifically different from ourselves. Broca shows by actual measurements, carefully given, that if skull capacity were a decisive test of intellectuality, Parisian gentlemen and ladies of the nineteenth century would have been far inferior to the men and women of the stone age, who inhabited nearby regions before them. So too the invention of iron tools, we may remark parenthetically, was probably the merest chance, and is wrongly taken to mark off a new stage of intellectuality.

Finally, let us add, the age assigned to man in this typical circular, which represents the methods by which, consciously or unconsciously, materialism is propagated throughout most of our non-Catholic universities, is to be taken just as seriously as the other information quoted from it. But this is a subject that calls for separate consideration.

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Regional Eucharistic Convention at Philadelphia

THE first Regional Eucharistic Convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League will be held at Philadelphia on August 2 and 3. It was determined last year at the Eucharistic Convention held at Notre Dame, Indiana, to hold regional conventions each year and a general Eucharistic Congress every five years. Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo, has issued the official call to the first regional convention for the entire eastern section of the country. The eastern section takes in all the territory east of Chicago and north of North Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky.

The Missions in China

THIS interesting array of figures appears in the June number of *The Field Afar*:

Number of Protestant missionaries in China.....	26,210
Number of Catholic missionaries in China.....	15,135
Number of Protestant converts in China.....	335,000
Number of Catholic converts in China.....	1,965,000

The same magazine announces that two Catholic women's colleges have volunteered to educate one or more Chinese or Japanese students. Requests have come to Maryknoll, New York, the headquarters of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, for a similar privilege for worthy young Catholic Chinese boys. Part of the scholarship funds in our Catholic colleges, meagre as these funds may be, could be set aside each year for the education of a few students from the Far East.

Sinn Fein and Ulster

WILLIAM McDONALD, writing for the *Nation* from Dublin, declares that neither Sinn Fein nor Ulster are likely to get together. His picture in contrast is enlightening:

I have never been in a community whose intellectual and political life seemed to me so hopelessly out of date as does the intellectual and political life of Ulster. Here is a region obviously more prosperous than the rest of Ireland. . . . Thanks in part, no doubt, to the vicious circumstances of its English colonization, but quite as much to the favored treatment which England has accorded to it and to the mischievous ways in which a government for Ireland has always been presented, the religious thought of Ulster lives upon antagonism and dissent. Meantime Sinn Fein is in the saddle. Its rule in Ireland is the only one generally observed. Its arbitration courts in land cases are operating successfully and it has proved its ability to ferret out and punish criminals.

In the interval between machine-gun bullets and midnight raids the British politician and the British propagandist are striving to persuade the nations that Sinn Fein is responsible for the results of an invading army enforcing an alien rule.

Sir Oliver Lodge and American Spiritists

SIR OLIVER LODGE has written his impressions of American Spiritists for *Light*, the leading British Spiritist publication. It is the scientist's impression that American Spiritists were a gullible and peculiar lot as is evidenced from the following excerpt:

Partly owing to the great extent of territory, the subject appeared to be very little organized, and what organization there was did not seem always of the most desirable kind. So that I am afraid there may be a good deal of fraudulent imitation of mediumship, assisted perhaps by overcredulity on the part of groups of sitters. I found a few careful and sensible people, but I came across too many of

the over-enthusiastic and cranky kind. So that, if I had not a solid basis of fact to stand upon, I should have been tempted to deprecate the whole subject, and join the ranks of the skeptics. That is doubtless an exaggeration, but I found it necessary constantly to issue warnings against the free and easy acceptance of everything that comes supernormally, at its face value. A great many people seemed to be tapping their subconscious or dream-stratum, and regarding the utterances as oracular. A large number of messages reached me which were evidence of impersonation rather than of anything genuine. I attribute this not to fraud of any kind, but to self-deception.

Catholics may receive as a compliment the British scientist's declaration that "apart from the Church of Rome there seemed to be among the ministers of religion, on the whole, less hostility to the subject than there is in this country." It will be anything but consoling to the American Spiritists to learn that the man who took their time and their dollars while entertaining them with fairy tales considers after touring America he found only a few sensible people. It would appear that the late Mr. Barnum and Sir Oliver worked on the same principle. It is the winning principle for the circus and the Spiritist lecture. Both have much in common.

Catholic Organization and Catholic Conscience

A N article in the *Catholic Federationist*, the official organ of the diocesan federation of Salford, England, laments the apathy of Catholic trade unionists. The writer declares:

I am being driven to the conclusion that Catholics as a body are poor sort of trade unionists. They neither understand what trade unionism should be, what it should imply, nor by what method it should be applied. Why they count so little is because of their acceptability of the rather lazy type of mind which does not care to examine things for themselves and consequently the Socialists are allowed to think for them. The fact of the matter is that the Catholic does not count in the trade union movement because he does not take the trouble to do so. Once Catholics take up the right attitude, and fortify themselves with definite knowledge of those things which are good for them and a determination that they shall be applied, they will become masters in their own house and those things which they want both as citizens and Catholics they will get. Catholics know that religion must be the guide whereby a thousand problems may be solved with gain to everybody, and yet religion or any mention of it is taboo in the trade union movement. And so it will remain until Catholic organization has created a Catholic conscience even among Catholics.

The Catholic conscience functions on other days than Sunday. It is the guide of civic, social and business relations. But it does not function through Baptism. It must be trained. It cannot react on the national conscience unless the Catholic citizen is Catholic always. It cannot influence a movement unless it presents a solid front. In America as well as in England the changing social order will be dominated by the principles that have the best organized expression. The best principles are weak without practice and silent without organization.

Plan for a New Calendar Month

WRITING in the *July Month* on "Calendar Reform," Francis Benett, Lector in English at the University of Fribourg, suggests the following rearrangement of the year's months:

Two months of 30 days each, followed by a month of 31, making a term or quarter of 91 days, or exactly thirteen weeks, would be a perfect quarter of the year. The complementary or 365th day would be intercalated between the last day of the year and the first of the next. It would be a sort of New Year's Day, kept as a holiday; would not bear the name of any day of the week, would not count in legal business computations and so on; be, in fact, a

kind of super Bank Holiday. In leap years there would be a second intercalary day, also outside any week or month, placed between the 31st of June and 1st of July, which might be kept as a special midsummer holiday, offering a good occasion for celebrations which one does not wish to see coming round too often. Easter would be fixed, for example, on the second Sunday in April (the 14th in our computation) and the other movable feasts would become fixed in their consequent relative places.

Mr. Benett points out that this arrangement would make each year the exact counterpart of every other and would make each quarter of the year like the others, that each date of any given month would always fall on the same day of the week in successive years, and that in each quarter the first month would begin on a Monday, the second on a Wednesday and the third on a Friday. As for the advantages of a fixed Easter he shows that "Civil, commercial, religious, academic and domestic requirements will each be benefited by festivals, Lent, terms of study, etc., etc., being regular and following at the same season." A reform of the calendar like the one proposed above, especially where the observance of Easter is concerned, could become universally acceptable, of course, only through its adoption and endorsement by the Catholic Church. But just as Pope Gregory XIII reformed the Julian Calendar in 1582, Pope Benedict XV, if he so desired, could give the world Mr. Benett's new calendar.

How Old Wolf Welcomed Bishop Brondel

INDIAN oratory, replete with native eloquence, occupies a prominent part in American history. Its glow of imagination and depth of feeling assure for it a high rank as true literature. Its pithiness admirably exemplifies the motto of Polonius, who excellently preached what he did not practise, that: "Brevity is the soul of wit." Among the literary jewels that deserve to be preserved in the gold casket inscribed, "Native Indian Eloquence," belongs the following "Address of Welcome" by Old Wolf, a Cheyenne Indian, made to Bishop Brondel on the occasion of a visit from that Prelate to St. Labre's Mission. It is taken from the *Indian Sentinel*:

There is a mountain in this vicinity known by every Cheyenne. The mountain is high and strong and many years old. Our forefathers knew him as well as we do. When children, we went out hunting and cared not whether or not we knew the way. When men, we went out to meet our foes, no matter where they came from. Though the way ran up high and down low, our hearts trembled not on account of the road because that mountain was ever a safe guide to us and never failed us. When far away, on seeing him our hearts leaped for joy, because the mountain was the beacon which told us that our home came nearer. In summer the thunder shook him from head to foot and fire bored holes in his sides. But the noise passed soon away and the mountain stood there. In winter the storms rushed round him to bury him out of our sight and covered him with layer upon layer of snow; with difficulty could we distinguish him from the rest. Only his height told us he was our mountain. But during the spring all the snow disappeared and the mountain, clothed with green grass, stood before us as of yore and the trees upon him stood firmer. This mountain is the priest of God. White and Indian speak evil of him; they want to estrange him from our hearts, but we know he has but one word and that his heart is as firm as a rock. He comes to instruct us, and, what the mountain is in our journeys, that is his word. He is the mountain that leads us to God.

It is very interesting to know that this mission among the Cheyenne Indians has in late years been faithfully kept up, although under the most incredible hardships on the part especially of the good Ursulines. The Catholic Indian Bureau is especially anxious to awaken renewed interest among Catholics for the support of this mission.